

THE WAR DOLLAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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THE PROPHET OF DIVINE LOVE.

Probably the most tragic figure among the prophets is Hosea. To read his book is to be profoundly moved with the recital of his domestic tragedy and the bitter experience through which, to his deeply-affectionate nature came the call of God to preach to the backslidden children of Israel.

There appears a providential wisdom in the fact that Hosea was preceded by Amos, whose searching condemnation aroused Israel to a recognition of its rottenness and decaying influence. Hosea, with a deeper insight into the glorious character of Jehovah, portrayed Him as the husband of Israel, who had forsaken Him for baser loves. Doubtless when Hosea personally recounted the great sorrow of his home, the unfaithfulness of his wife, who left him, and whom he again purchased

as a slave, to be kept from him until such time when true repentance should lead her to seek the love of her husband, must have caused a great sensation and added authority to the Divine message he delivered. His loving compassion placed him fully in sympathy with God's love, yearning for the return of the Children of Israel, and he effectually proclaims it. Sacrifices without true and lasting repentance avail nothing, he declares, but repentance must come not only from a clear perception of Israel's abomination, but also originate in the thought of the forfeited love of Jehovah, Who loves like a husband loves his wife, the backslidden nation, and is willing to do the unheard-of thing. As a husband, Hosea might have lawfully divorced his unfaithful wife, but because he truly loved her he even buys her back, although he keeps her

in seclusion for many years owing to her condition which does not yet understand such a loves that rises superior to traditions and customs. So God still loves Israel, although He withholds from the nation the active evidences of it until their repentance shall lead them to truly understand the Divine love, and then He will "heal their backslidings," and "love them freely."

Since Hosea's message was delivered, Christ, the Son of God Himself, has given us the message of our Father to His children, and still to-day we find idolatry rampant, men and women turning from the true Lover of their soul to baser loves, which spells death. Let us, like modern Hoseas, with a real conception of God's love in our hearts, strike deep at the evils about us, and arouse men to saving repentance.

The Quest for Souls on the Hawaiian Islands.

By Major John Milsaps.

THIS involves hardships not altogether unspiced with danger and adventure. The full measure of risk involved is only properly understood by those who have had experience in soul-saving campaigns in these distant isles of the Pacific Ocean.

The Island of Kauai is worked by the circuit system. Regularly, at stated intervals, officers skirt the seashore by following the wagon road, conducting on their way meetings on sugar-cane plantations and in the various villages from Mana to Haena, which, at best, is a long, roundabout journey, with a mighty rampart of volcanic mountains in the centre.

On one occasion Capt. H. P. Jensen, during a vacation period, decided to try a cut-off trail across the island.

Accompanying a party of natives, the trail was struck near the seashore, between Mana and Kekaha. Horses were left behind and the trip made on foot. After some miles of travel the trail led directly to the brink of a chasm, some 2,000 feet deep, but only ten or fifteen feet across. On the brink of a precipice, and overhanging the chasm, grew some trees. A rope was tied to an upper limb of one of these. On the opposite side was a projecting shelf of rock, about three feet wide. This served for a landing, from which a narrow trail, but a few inches wide, led along the face of the rock to a place of safety.

One of the most daring of the natives, catching hold of the rope,

Swung Himself Across the Chasm

and waited for Jensen, who shrunk from the nerve-trying ordeal; but, feeling that a Salvationist on duty should be willing to do what any other man dared to attempt, he hung on with both hands to the rope and swung himself across to the other side. Then, with his back to the wall and his face toward the chasm, he edged slowly and cautiously along the trail until he was safely around the wall. The Captain in due course got through to Hanalei, but never cared to repeat the experiment.

As of old, Salvation Army officers continue their soul-saving journeys around Kauai, but do not attempt any more short-cut trails.

Maui Island, on the east and south slopes of Haleakala—the greatest extinct volcano in the world—is another Salvation Army field of soul-saving operations. The eastern flank of the vast mountain is very wet, and the southern and western slopes very dry. The dry part, which commences at Kaupo, is called the desert. A number of palisades, deep, precipitous ravines, through which, in

the rainy season, the mountain torrents rage—must be crossed, between Wailuku and Kaupo.

After heavy rains, travelers sometimes find themselves prisoners between two roaring streams. They cross these by means of wire-rope bridges up trees. Horses, however, cannot cross, as the bridges are footpaths. On account of danger to horses, travelers occasionally try two other routes back to Wailuku—by the desert or through the crater of Haleakala. Both of these are terrors. Yet over these three trails Salvationists have for years traveled.

Ensign J. J. Lewis has crossed the desert eleven times—ten times on horseback and once afoot. I shall describe the last-named trip.

Across the Desert Afoot.

It was winter. Haleakala was too cold for the journey through the crater. Taking with him Lieut. Suyeoka, a Japanese, the Ensign held meetings along the trail as he journeyed from village to village. War Crys were sold, and sinners were converted. At last Kaupo was reached. Not caring to turn back and face the palisades, the two officers decided to risk the desert. Twelve raw eggs were purchased at Kaupo. These, in their uncooked condition, were their only food.

Starting from Kipahulu at five o'clock in the morning, the two plucky officers walked all day. They obtained a little water from a stagnant pool. Ensign Lewis aimed at reaching Ulupalakua by night, but he did not get there until the next morning.

Just as the sun was setting they arrived at an old lava flow, which was as black as Erebus. They were anxious to cross this before night closed in, as it was full of blow-holes and channels. As darkness increased, the two Salvationists lay down from time to time to sight the trail, where horses' hoofs had made it faintly visible. Lewis and his comrade had taken the precaution to carry walking-sticks. After several falls into holes, and night approaching, they had to feel their way in the darkness with the sticks, like blind men. During the last few hours of the journey the Japanese Lieutenant was speechless from exhaustion, but heroically kept on without a murmur. They discovered the desert trip to be a terrible journey indeed.

Kaliikiniur Station was reached at last. By this time Ensign Lewis' shoes were worn through and the soles had broken squarely off, cut through by the a-a (pronounced ah-ah), a small, sharp, rubble-like variety of lava.

The Ensign endeavored to obtain a pair of

shoes from the natives at the station, but they had nothing of the kind to give. Looking about him, by good fortune he discovered an old pair that had been thrown away. Putting them on he left his own behind.

Asking for water, a native ran and fetched a quart or two, which the thirsty Salvationists drank most eagerly. That night they slept on the floor of a native cowboy's hut. From Ulupalakua they telephoned Kioto, a Japanese soldier, to come for them with his bracke to Kihei, eleven miles from Wailuku. They reached the last-named town on Sunday afternoon, blistered, bruised, and sore, having been absent since the previous Monday.

The writer essayed the crater route in summer, with Capt. Tom Willcocks and Lieut. Alex. Neilson. We were mounted on horses.

Leaving Kaupo, we turned our horses' heads towards the Kaupo gap in the mighty crater's rim. Up, up, up we rode, until we were among the clouds, 7,000 feet above the sea. Dense growths of lantana and other brush, high as the saddles, covered the rocky slopes. The top ridges of the old lava-flows were followed, for there were no trails. At last the crater floor was reached, and camp made in a cave. A cheery fire dispelled the cold. Ham was fried in a lard-can cover for supper, to which we did justice.

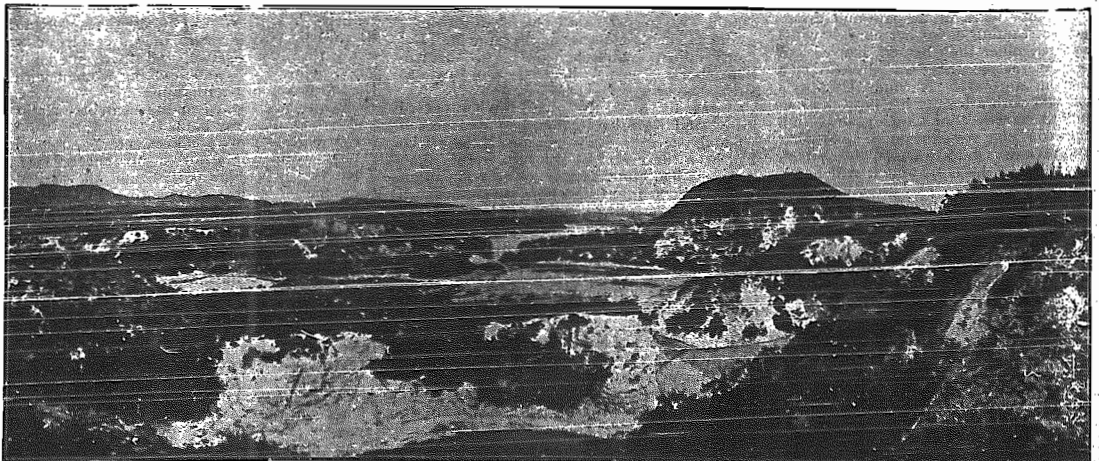
It was a strange weird place wherein to pass the night. The grim walls of the dead volcano towered 3,000 feet above us. It was an all-day climb to reach the crater floor. The next morning we started again, riding over the crater floor to the north-western rim, passing amid cinder cones, which studded the bottom here and there. A long, tedious climb of some miles, through loose ashes and scoriae, brought us, just at the sun was setting in the broad Pacific, to the summit of Haleakala. We were right above the clouds, fully

10,000 Feet Above the Sea.

We passed a cold night on the mountain. The next day, in the afternoon, Wailuku was reached. Our tired limbs and sore bodies reminded us what soul-saving campaigns on the island of Maui meant when attempted by the crater route. This campaign of ten days, however, was not without its recompense, for we had the joy of seeing twenty-five souls seeking salvation.

As to the character of Army converts in this part of the world, the reader may form some opinion by taking a specimen. He was a prodigal from Old England, where he was born within the sound of Big Ben. During his strange career he has more than once suffered imprisonment—not for his good deeds. He has served in the Cape Mounted Rifles and in the 18th Hussars, and has been brought to boot as a deserter. On the Kimberley Diamond Fields he won an unenviable

(Concluded on page 12.)



Waiotapu Valley, New Zealand, showing Alum Cliffs and Twin Lakes.

Montreal Meetings and Memoranda.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY ACCOMPANIED BY THE EDITOR AND BRIGADIER HOWELL VISITS CANADA'S METROPOLIS — A SERIES OF STIRRING MEETINGS, AND NOTES ABOUT THE WORK IN MONTREAL.

Montreal was well provided with specials on the fourth Sunday of the special campaign. The Chief Secretary conducted the morning service at the Citadel, assisted by Brigadier Howell, while Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich and Staff-Capt. Creighton visited the old Alexander St. hall, now known as No. V. In the afternoon Colonel Kyle, with Brigadier Turner went to Point St. Charles, while Brigadier Howell held forth at the Citadel, and the Editor and Staff-Capt. Creighton made things spin at No. IV., in the East End. At night all specials united for a salvation battle in the Citadel.

The Sunday's Campaign proved a successful stroke and a general stir-up resulted. In the evening the Citadel was crowded, and the various speakers received excellent attention from the splendid audience.

The Chief Secretary's message told upon the conscience of the crowd, and quite a number of penitents of both sexes came to the penitent form. Some young men seemed to be especially deeply in earnest.

For some time now Brigadier Turner has gathered the city officers once a month in one of the corps or Homes, for council and tea. Taking advantage of the occasion, he had arranged an officers' meeting at the Citadel, at which about twenty-five or thirty officers and Cadets met.

The gathering, presided over by the Chief Secretary, was a real happy meeting, although it resulted in some damage to furniture, owing to the muscular energy of the leading speaker. The probable unique situation of both the farewelling and succeeding Chancellors being present and contributing to the sum total of eloquence dispensed at this gathering added spice to the general interest and good feeling.

Monday night Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich gave his now well-known lecture, "The Red Man." A splendid crowd filled the Citadel. The Chief Secretary presided. The audience gave splendid attention and frequently expressed their approval by liberal applause. The pictures showed very plainly, and the

information and stories of our missionary work among the natives of the northern Pacific coast were very keenly appreciated.

The last remark can also be applied to the audience at Point St. Charles, where the Editor repeated the lecture on the following night to a full house.

The new Citadel is a splendid edifice and has already done much in raising the Salvation Army's standing in Canada's Metropolis. Situated on a corner within a few steps from one of the leading thoroughfares, it occupies a place conspicuous to the public which knew little of our Alexander St. building. The Citadel is a stone building, containing a splendid auditorium capable of accommodating 700 people; a week-night hall, level with the street; class and band rooms; hot water heating and all modern conveniences. It contains also a splendid suite of Provincial Offices and quarters for the officers.

Brigadier Turner, the energetic Provincial Officer, is ever on the look-out for advances and in consequence of his vigilance we have now five corps in Montreal. The four English corps are all in a healthy condition, No. 1. leading splendidly under the leadership of Ensign Gillam.

Point St. Charles (No. 11.) is flourishing, and Capt. Coy—beg his pardon, Ensign Coy—is anxious for a new and larger building. Judging from the audience when the writer was there, the old shell of a building is like a coat two sizes too small for a lustily growing youngster.

No. III. is the French corps. Adj. Cabrit and Capt. Hebling are faithful toilers, and compared with the congregations of other French evangelical missions in Montreal, they are doing remarkably well, although to one used to the audiences generally secured by the English-speaking corps in other cities, they seem slim. Converts are not numerous, but by no means infrequent; unfortunately most of the French converts, if they stand against the peculiar and very trying difficulties, do not connect themselves with the French corps, but desire to become soldiers

in some English-speaking corps.

The East End corps (No. IV.), now under the guidance of Ensign Sheard, is composed chiefly of young converts, full of life and enthusiasm. A tangible evidence of this is the fact that this corps is sending six Cadets to the Training Home for the next session.

The latest opening is No. V. and is located in the old building formerly occupied by No. I. corps, and known as the S. A. Temple in the days of old. Capt. Owen is pushing his end well. He has secured a good audience, and what is better had about 200 souls in his time, but best of all, has already enrolled a splendid lot of soldiers.

The Chancellors, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Creighton, after four years' faithful and strenuous service, received their farewell orders during the special meetings, and have taken up their new appointment in the Immigration Branch.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Moore, the Financial Specials for the new Citadel Property, succeed Staff-Captain and Mrs. Creighton, and will doubtless be well received, since they are already well acquainted with the officers of the Province.

The Rescue Home is too small to satisfy the energy and ambition of Adj. Lowry, who would like to extend the laundry work she has begun there since taking charge, so that it may become of greater value in financing the Home. The Ensign has her institution "as clean as a pin," as the saying goes. She has laid out her rooms to the best advantage, and we only hope that some of Montreal's philanthropists will come forward with a substantial donation towards the acquisition of a new and larger building for this splendid branch of our work. Thirteen girls and ten children are now under the care of Adjutant Lowry and her Captain.

Ensign Taylor, of the Women's Shelter, is also longing for larger quarters. Her rooms are full of the poorest of women, and sometimes much grace and tact is needed to deal with certain specimens of the class which frequent the Home. The Ensign is anxious that we should have a Home or a section for working girls and servants, many of whom are anxious to stay with us and would pay willingly for a little superior accommodation.

Montreal itself is a cosmopolitan population, chiefly composed of French Canadians, but including also a large section of English-speaking citizens. There are 20,000 Jews, Irish, Scotch, English, French, and a sprinkling of other nationalities among which the Italians are prominent. The Chinese are rapidly increasing here. Truly material enough here to tax fully all missionary agencies at work and pointing out still open doors to Salvation Army extensions.

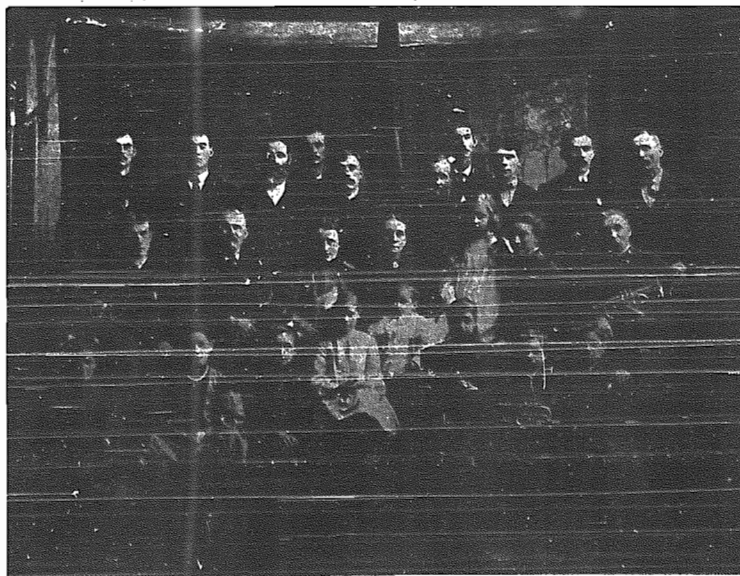
ALL THROUGH A KINDLY DEED.

There is an interesting little story connected with Mr. Henniker-Heaton's efforts in the direction of a universal penny postage which he is fond of relating, as he says it made him "keep pegging away."

Two Members of Parliament once chanced to be in a village post office, when a poor woman came in with a letter she wished to send to her only son in Australia. In those days the charge was sixpence, and she went away sorrowful, saying if it had been a penny she could have managed it, but she needed the other fivepence for bread and tea. One of the M.P.s went after her, took the letter, and stamped it safely.

The sequel came three months later. The same legislator was in the post office again, when the postmistress asked him smilingly: "Do you remember the poor old woman on whose letter you paid sixpence?"

The Member recalled the incident. "Well," she went on, "the reply to the letter that the poor old soul received was a big cheque from her son in Australia, and he wrote his mother to go out to him as soon as he hears that he may send the passage-money."



Parry Sound Corps, with Ensign Crocker, Beside Her Daughter, Who is in Charge.



The Submarine Cable.

When land telegraphic lines consist of naked wires strung to poles, or put under ground in lead sheaths, like telephone cables, the conditions of submarine telegraphy demand that other, and far different, apparatus be employed. The requirements are embodied in the submarine cable, in which extraordinary precautions are observed, not only to prevent escape of the current into the water, but also to obtain sufficient strength to make possible lowering the line to the vast depths often encountered, and to raise it to the surface again when necessary. Submarine cables are still made on the plan of that used in the first successful trans-Atlantic line. The conducting line consists generally of seven copper wires, six of which are twisted or stranded about the seventh, so as to produce what is, in fact, a perfect copper rope, or cable. A greater number of wires are often used. Around this central conductor is formed a continuous layer of gutta percha, for insulation, and over this is woven a jute filling. The "core," thus completed, is armored for protection against accidents, also in order to give the cable sufficient strength, by strands of steel wire, which are closely spun around it by machinery. It is then ready to be loaded on the cable ship and let down into the depths of the sea.

Submarine Cable Manufacture.

The process of manufacturing a submarine cable is delicate and complicated. The central conducting wires are stranded together in lengths of about one mile each, after which the insulator "core" is wound about it. The entire cable length is then immersed in tanks filled with water and electrically tested for leaks. After all flaws have been carefully repaired, the several mile lengths are spliced together. In this process the insulating coat is carefully cut away for about one foot from the end of each cable, and the wires are securely spliced, being then recovered by hand with melted gutta percha. The jute covering is then spun on by what is virtually a knitting machine, forming a continuous network over and around it, and upon this is spun the sheathing of steel wires. No other protection is needed for ordinary service, since the steel wires show power to resist oxidizing influences in the water for almost unlimited periods. However, in some waters it is necessary to wind over the core lengths of thin brass tape, in order to resist the destructive pectinacy of a bivalve mollusk called the teredo. This creature, known also as the "ship-worm," has the remarkable faculty of being able to separate and burrow beneath the closely spun steel wires of the sheathing and eat out the gutta percha core, leaving only the skeleton of a cable, which is utterly useless for telegraphic purposes. Brass tape and india rubber, however, seem to be able to resist his efforts.

As each cable is specially made for some particular submarine route, the thickness and strength of the sheathing, as determined by the number and

weight of the wires, are carefully gauged to meet the conditions ascertained by surveys and soundings. Thus, those portions of the cable which are intended for shallow waters are made usually strong and heavily sheathed, in order to afford protection against breakers, anchors, and other causes of wear and strain; while the portions intended for the deep sea bottom are very much lighter, except where intended to run over submarine mountains, valleys and gorges, which must inevitably occasion severe longitudinal strains. In all cases, the "breaking strain," or the weight which will cause the cable to part, must be accurately determined, in order that it may be lowered into deep water without breaking, and be picked up at any time with similar safety.

The armoring or sheathing machines are said to be models of perfection in adaptability of means to ends. As the finished cable comes from these machines, it is coated with tar and passed along on rollers to the tank-house. There it is coiled evenly by hand in uniform layers, or flakes, into the tank, in which it is to be submerged until the telegraph ship is ready to take it into its tanks. Each flake of the cable is also whitewashed to prevent sticking, and the ends are left accessible, so that electrical tests can be made at desirable intervals before the date of shipment. In all modern cable factories, every process is watched with the utmost care, and the cable and its materials are subjected to the most rigid inspection and tests. Experts are kept steadily at work in this department, and also in devising and perfecting machinery, methods, and products.

THE ANCIENT CHARACTER OF SOME MINES.

It is said that the copper mines of Sinai are the most ancient in the world, and from the records which we have before us it seems that they were worked about 5000 B.C. to 1200 B.C. At times explorers stumble across the crucibles, the furnaces, and parts of the tools of those ancient workers. We have no documents which give us a clue to the date when iron was first discovered and worked; we can only suppose, as we hear from tourists of the great granite blocks in the Valley of the Nile, that the Egyptians knew something of this metal, or else how were the blocks fashioned? There must have been extensive silver mines in Europe at one time, for Diodorus of Sicily states that even the anchors of the ships that returned from Spain were of silver. We are familiar with the early history of mining in Great Britain; of how the Phoenicians did quite a considerable trade with the Cornishmen. It is now practically established beyond doubt that not only did the Phoenicians come to England, but they also visited the northern part of South Africa (Rhodesia) and worked the gold mines there. There have been found in Rhodesia the relics of crushing stones and mortar-holes, and it is probable that these were worked by African slaves employed by the Phoenicians. The mines of the Transvaal are reef mines—mines of a different nature to those of Australia. Possibly the luckiest gold finds were

those of less than ten years ago, when the Klondike River-gold provided a fortune for some adventurers. At the early stages of the find, men were making on occasional a thousand dollars a day. It is well, however, to remember the bad condition for mining in this district; for the ground was so hard that fire had first to be lighted to thaw it. It is worth remembering, however, what perils and trials had to be gone through before the gold was won. The shortest route that could be taken was overland; and that meant that a miner had to build a craft or boat, which would be safe enough to carry him for the last five hundred miles of his journey, through lakes and rapids. It reads almost like a fairy story to go over the accounts of how, within about ten months some two thousand crafts were launched to perform this journey. It is extraordinary that in 1897 Dawson City—the mushroom city which sprang up when gold was discovered on the banks of the Yukon—this "city" contained only a collection of huts, housing a few hundred miners. Now it has a good system of waterworks, a telephone system, telegraphic communication all over the world, large municipal buildings, and streets well lighted with electricity.

SELF-CONCEIT LOWERED.

The Rev. Samuel Wesley had a clerk, a well-meaning, honest, but weak and vain man. He believed the rector to be the greatest man in the parish, if not in the country, and himself to be the next in importance, especially as he had the privilege of wearing the rev. gentleman's cast-off clothing and wigs (the latter far too big for him), and the figure he cut was most ludicrous.

The rector, finding him particularly vain of one of these canonical substitutes for hair, designed to mortify him in the presence of the congregation. One morning Mr. Wesley called him, and said: "John, I shall preach on a particular subject to-day, and I shall choose my own psalm, of which I shall give out the first line, after which you will proceed as usual."

The clerk was highly pleased, and the service went forward as was its wont to do till they came to the singing, when the rector gave out the following line—

"Like to an owl in ivy bush."

This was sung, and the following line John—peeping out of the large canonical wig in which his head was half lost—gave out with an audible voice and appropriate connecting phrase—

"That useful thing am I!"

The whole congregation saw and felt the similitude with audible amusement. The rector was highly pleased, for the clerk's self-conceit was lowered.

THE ANTIQUITY OF TEA.

The tea plant, a tree allied to the camellia, grows wild in Assam, and there is a legend that it was carried to China by an Indian traveler in the sixth century B.C. Be this as it may, tea was a national beverage among the Chinese in the early centuries of this era, when meat was the national drink of the western world, and there was a Celestial tax upon tea as far back as 793. The oldest newspaper advertisement of tea has been traced to the year 1654, when it was to be had "at the Sultaness Head, a coffee-house in Sweetings Rents, by the Royal Exchange." In 1678 the Honorable East India Company glutted the market for years by importing 4,713 lbs. in one season. In the first year of the nineteenth century, says a writer in "Britain at Work," the consumption of tea in the United Kingdom was 23,750, 150 lbs.; in the first year of the twentieth century the import reached the tremendous total of 233,900, 200 lbs., of the value of £210,855,519, and the duty paid upon that portion of it which went into home consumption was £4,769,762.



The Famous Huka Falls, New Zealand.

The Spirit of Holy Warfare.

BY THE GENERAL.

WHEN men get what they want without resistance, or loss, or suffering, they do not consider that to be fighting at all. In such circumstances they say, "There was no fight; it was a 'walk over.'" But when they have to struggle, when they have to meet opposing forces, when the conflict is desperate, and calls up all their powers, then they say it was a glorious victory when they win; and even when they lose, they reckon the loss is less to be mourned over if there was a real, a brave, a determined fight.

Now, fighting is the common experience of men in this life. I do not know whether it will be so in the next. The general idea is that we shall have everything our own way there. The stream, they think, will run in harmony with our aims and wishes in the Celestial Land. I don't know whether it will be so. It will suit me if it does.

Anyway, fighting is the order of the day in the present world. Whichever way you look, you will find that nothing is obtained without strife of one kind or another. The plants have to fight to bring their buds into flowers. The trees have to fight to bring their blossoms into fruit. The animals and birds have to fight, not only to avoid being devoured, but for almost every meal they eat. They would starve if they did not fight.

The whole life of man is little but a conflict. There is the fight to get into the world. There is the fight to keep living when you are in it. Look at it; at least one hundred millions of people have to fight to obtain food barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Even then there are millions—forty millions in India alone—who are seldom free from the sensation of hunger. What a fight is theirs!

Look at the fight of still millions more with the diseases that wait to slay them at every turn. To them—in bed, in one sense, to us all—life is one long struggle with death.

Look at the fight men make for money. How they resist the claims of health and home, and fight against their own flesh and blood for gold!

Look at the fight men make for fame. See how they will sacrifice time, health, friends—nay, life itself—to get what they call a name. How they will glory in dying, as they term it, in the arms of victory.

Look at the fight men make for the governments they prefer.

When you come to religion you will find this principle of conflict still more manifest. Here man will get nothing without a fight. There are any number who will get nothing evil without fighting for it. For instance, a man cannot commit sin, mock God, trample on the blood, resist the Holy Ghost, put out the eyes of his conscience, and die in despair, without fighting, and a good deal of hard fighting, too.

And if this applies to evil things, how much more to good things? Think of the struggle necessary to the attainment of any true spiritual advantage. For example:—

The moment a man starts to save his soul difficulties of all kinds spring up before him. The past—how it holds on to him! The present—what a tearing away, and humbling, and confessing, he must go through! The future—how black and empty it often looks!

He will have to fight to keep himself saved. Enemies will strive to destroy his new-born hope, and they will follow him to the very gates of heaven to drag him down.

He will have to fight if he is to save any one else. Men cannot be turned from Satan to God by gentle phrases and lavender water. To save men is a desperate, agonizing, wounding business.

Think of the difficulties that have to be surmounted before a man can have ground for expecting the "Well done" at the Judgment Throne, or a victorious crown in heaven. "Be thou faithful unto death!"

Do you ever consider what that faithfulness unto death meant to those to whom the words were first spoken? The visions of the torture chamber, the wild beasts in the arena, the crucifixion, which it called up in their minds?

This fighting has always been a necessity when anything out of the common course in the way of the salvation of men has been sought after.

Read history. It would do some of you more good than the halfpenny papers. Go to the prophets! What a fight Moses had!—Jeremiah—Jesus Christ—the Apostles—the Martyrs—the Reformers. My heart has ached many a time beyond description when I have read the biographies of the beautiful spirits who have wept, and fought, and laid themselves down to die without seeing the things accomplished for which they have suffered.

Fighting has ever been my own experience. From the beginning I have had to contend with earth or hell, and sometimes with both, for every success God has been pleased to give me.

George Fox, The Red-Hot Quaker.

Chapter II.—(Continued.)

So hard was his life upon ordinary clothes that he had made himself that famous pair of leather breeches which have since become historical. Now, leather was very far from being unknown as an article of clothing in those days. The Puritans used it a great deal, and we read in old histories of fine, soft, well-tanned, black leather "small clothes." In all probability George's was rough and untanned, hence its notoriety.

As he wandered round, steadily keeping away from all the human kind that had proved such poor helps, more light was given him. It was revealed to him that God did not dwell in houses and temples made with hands, but in people's hearts. His people were the temples He dwelt in. This came to him one day when he was walking in the fields. We have said that the seventeenth century was a brutal age. It was more than that, it was an intensely dark and superstitious one. Among the old notions in vogue then was the theory that women had no souls! This was a relic of barbarism, and not supposed to be commonly believed; but, alas for the women, the men of the day, with few exceptions, acted as though this belief were a part of their creed! Against this George never failed to raise his voice.

"The Virgin Mary," he argued, "says, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour,'" proving conclusively that women at any rate used to have souls! George Fox was one of those uncomprehended spirits, with theories so in advance of their age that people are wont to say that they have been "born too soon."

But the time was now drawing on when George was to be delivered from the chains that bound his soul. After some fruitless search amongst the Dissenters for some human being who could speak peace to his tried spirit, he determined to try no more, but to resign himself to God and His will, and take for His guide the Holy Scriptures. He had been a long time in arriving at this point, and had come to it by a circuitous and thorny road, but he had come; and when he got there he found all the time that he had been trying one earthly help after another, the Saviour was standing waiting—waiting in tireless, unwearied, loving patience. It had been a long way round, but George got there. An ancient

Fighting has been your experience. The day may come when the salvation ship will glide along the stream of time, laden with souls bound for the Gloryland, without any pulling of the oars, or firing-up of the furnaces, without any anxious look-out for stormy breakers ahead. But that time is not yet. Stop rowing, and you will see. Stop feeding the furnace; stop fighting—you know what the result will be.

If you are saviours of men you must fight. Make up your minds that it is so, and that nothing on earth or in heaven, human or divine, can change it. The devil has got possession of the world; anyway, of the people that dwell in it, and if you want them for Christ and holiness and heaven, you will have to take your stand, and hold your post, and close with your enemy, and fight for their rescue; and you may be sure he won't loosen his grip without inflicting all the damage he can upon you who dare to attack him and his prey.

This law is not of my making. I am not responsible for it. I found it in my Bible: when I first started to save myself and those around me, and it has been my experience ever since. It is God's plan, and God's plan for us. Have you accepted it? I have. To do so is to go a long way to being happy in it—nay, to do so is to go a long way to being victorious.

chronicler writes thus of this period:

"And when all his (George's) hopes in them (the Churchmen and Dissenters) and in all men were gone, then he heard a voice which said: 'There is One, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.' Having heard this, his heart leapt for joy, and it was showed him why there was none upon earth that could speak to his condition; namely, that he might give the Lord alone the glory, and that Jesus Christ might have the preminence."

His understanding being now enlightened, many things were made clear to his mind. For a few days, to his great surprise, temptations continued, so that he began to question as to whether he had not sinned against the Holy Ghost. This brought him into great perplexity and trouble, but, true to his new light, he flung himself helplessly and unreasoningly upon God, and one day as he walked alone the veil was lifted forever. His soul was filled with God's love to him personally. For the hour there were but two in the universe—God and himself. There was that personal, close, sensible, yet mystical union, that is to be experienced, not described; that tangible, yet spiritual something, which, breathed into the soul of man, changes mere dogma and belief into glowing life, a life that only lives to create more life.

In that hour was shown him Christ's part and man's part in the plan of redemption, that the fires of trial and temptation which were often so grievous were kindled for his profit solely, and for the trial of his faith, that it might come forth as gold that is tried. He saw Christ as a refiner's fire, and he also saw that that part of him that grew impatient and chafed at the spiritual trial was of the flesh—his unsanctified will, that could not yield itself to the death of the cross. So there was a "giving" as well as a "taking from" God in that hour which closed round George, weighty with future possibilities to which his eyes were as yet closed, as he stood in the open fields under the calm sky, his soul naked and alone before its Creator.

We must not be in a hurry to fix and choose our own lot; we must wait to be guided. We are led on, like the little children, by a way that we know not. It is a vain thought to flee from the work God has appointed us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls; as if we could choose for ourselves where we shall find the fulness of the divine presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found—in loving obedience.—George Eliot.

WAR CRY

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EDITORIAL

The Soul-Saving Campaign.

The first month of the special campaign is past and a goodly number of extraordinary victories have been won in many corps. Still the total result is not what we should like to see accomplished. We are not ungrateful for the many stirring reports from the places where the spirit of revival has worked in an unmistakable manner, but we are longing to see that same spirit spread abroad to take in every corps and enthrone every soldier in our ranks. Revivals, we are well aware, cannot be made to order, or artificially worked up. Enthusiasm will suddenly subside and leave things in a worse state after it evaporates. The genuine revival is the outcome of a firm faith in God, a burning compassion for the salvation of souls, and a keen, unwavering expectancy of an outpouring of God's Holy Spirit. Wherever a number of God's children unite in prayer, under the condition stated, there God is pleased to make bare His arm; nay, His eyes are continually running to and fro throughout the earth to spy such opportunities to show His saving power. Oh, that our faith and prayer may be stronger and more penetrating to make the record of February one that shall leave our January achievements far behind. Let us clearly understand that it can be done, and the conditions of success are with us.

The Toronto Revival.

An illustration of the above statement regarding the conditions of revival may be found in the great awakening which manifested itself during the month of evangelistic services in the Massey Music Hall, led by the well-known revivalists, Torrey and Alexander. For weeks and months previous tens of thousands of Christians, the members of practically all the evangelical churches in the city, were exhorted to exercise faith and prayer on behalf of the revival meetings. Gradually the smouldering fire blazed forth, and after a few meetings had been conducted, spread with rapidity. Tens of thousands of Christians were stirred up into action, and as a consequence the leaders of the meetings were upheld and carried on in their earnest and zealous endeavors to get people converted. The total results of over fifty meetings were that about 4,300 men, women, and children signified their intention to live Christian lives. Messrs. Torrey and Alexander made it a rule that all converts should be dealt with by the workers on Bible grounds, and their enquiries met by Scriptural answers. We pray that the excellent spirit which prevailed in these meetings may not be lost, but induced to continue in the various congregations to work the good pleasure of our God.

Wanted—Warriors!

The need of officers in the Salvation Army is as urgent as ever. Under the strenuous work of the Army, probably a greater percentage must be allowed for "wear and tear." Real fighting means enduring, suffering, wounds and death. When the band strikes up and the banner flutters in the breeze, the blood tingles and marching becomes a delight. But it is in the heat of the day, and at the battle's front, that men are tested for their worth; it is there character is stripped of its mantle and people behold the soul of man. Here we lose those who had not fully counted the cost. Then sickness and death are ever decimating our ranks, and the ever-increasing demands of our home and foreign mission fields make transfers necessary from time to time. Hundreds of Canadian officers are now in every corner of the globe, and we are glad that from our land contributions have been made to the pioneers of the Gospel in heathen lands. But we must have more officers. Young men and women cannot select a more honored, a more influential, and a more blessed career than that of saviours of men in the Salvation Army. The opportunities held out in the Army are unequalled anywhere. With its world-wide field and its many branches of work it can always find a useful place for any man or woman who is entirely given up to God and the Army, and who are determined that it shall be a life's consecration. Time-servers, men who want to choose their place, people who have their own ends to serve are not wanted. But soldiers whose hearts are full of compassion for the poor, the outcast and the worst of sinners, whose mind has counted the cost and is made up to stand by its decision, are asked to offer themselves as Candidates for the work. Two hundred soldiers are wanted to volunteer for officership during 1906. Will you be one?

New York's New Record.

The Commander Conducts Four Special Sunday Nights in Carnegie Hall, Finishing Up with a Remarkable Record.

(By Wire.)

Wonderful closing meetings of the Commander's special series of four midwinter Sunday night meetings at the Carnegie Hall. This hall is far famed as a notable rallying place of many of the greatest political, educational, religious gatherings in the country. Commander walked directly into the hearts of the people. The building was jammed from floor to ceiling with a moving mass of humanity, its boxes crammed with New York's choicest citizens. Tier after tier of interested faces were observed alternating between smiles and tears. The top gallery, close up to the roof-line was packed with men and women so densely as to resemble flies on the ceiling. Crowds at doors so huge and clamorous that admittance had to be denied fifteen minutes ahead of time. Thousands of disappointed people could not be admitted. Commander was divinely upheld as she spoke at length and with remarkable power, dressed in rags, representing Army work in society's under-world. Splendid sympathy was evoked for time-honored movement. Many consecrations resulted. Series of meetings closed at high-water mark and created new record for Carnegie Hall, especially at this season. Ten thousand hallelujahs!—Colonel Cox.

News and Notes.

Changes.

The advance of the war brings some changes rather unexpectedly. Staff-Capt. D. Creighton, who for about four years has been Chancellor for the Quebec and East Ontario Province is farewelling and taking an appointment in the expanding Immigration Department, details of which can be scarcely given yet, pending the returned of the Commissioner. We wish the Staff-Captain every success. Both the Staff-Captain and Mrs. Creighton have found a very warm place in the hearts of the officers of the Province they are leaving.

A New Chancellor.

Staff-Capt. Moore, who for over two years has been the Financial Special in connection with the Montreal Property Scheme, succeeds Staff-Capt. Creighton as Chancellor, and his appointment will give pleasure to the officers particularly interested in the change. The Staff-Captain has worked with a considerable degree of success to raise the funds required, and will still continue in the effort to raise the balance still needed to carry out the plan of financing the Citadel Building Scheme.

Sickness.

Staff-Capt. Patterson is confined to his bed with gastritis. He was taken ill very suddenly while on an eastern trip in the interest of immigration. Capt. Webber, of T. H. Q. is in the General Hospital with an attack of typhoid fever. Adj. Gosling, of the Indian Work, has been suffering for some weeks now with sciatica, followed by erysipelas. Remember these comrades in your prayers.

The Massey Hall.

Once more a great meeting is in preparation. What will it be like? Oh, well, time and space is too short this week to describe. But that it is going to be a very unique and interesting affair you may take for granted. Read the announcement, and come if you are within a hundred miles—more or less.

Bereavement.

Brigadier Stewart's elder sister, of Fergus, Ont., died a beautifully-triumphant death on a recent Monday morn. The Brigadier had spent the week-end by her side and listened to her last testimony of peace. She leaves a widower and two children, besides the other members of the family.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS.

Colonel and Mrs. Kyle, assisted by Lieut. Colonel Gaskin—	
Temple	Sunday, February 18
Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin—	
Esther Street	February 15
Lippincott	February 22
Yorkville	February 25
Dovercourt	March 1
Toronto Junction	March 3
Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich—	
Hamilton	February 17, 18
Riverdale	February 25
Brigadier Southall—	
St. Catharines	February 10, 11
Guelph	February 24, 25
Brigadier and Mrs. Howell—	
Owen Sound	February 24, 25
Brigadier Horn—	
Esther Street	February 11
Toronto Junction	February 18
Staff-Capt. Mrs. Simco—	
Esther Street	February 25
Ensign Owen, Capt. DeBow and Mardall, and Cadet Kelly—	
Toronto Junction	February 11
Parliament Street	February 18
Brampton	February 24, 25

GO AND WORK!

Some Advice for February Campaigners.

BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

"GO AND WORK," was an accusation hurled in derision at Salvationists of former days by those who misunderstood them; to-day the good work proverbial and "Go and work," is said in encouragement. The way to get sinners saved is to go and work. It is true that God is Almighty, can do all things, and has said, "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit," still He has chosen to work through human agency. He wants workers. It is so in nature. The husbandman co-operates with God in order to grow the precious grain, the staff of life. He ploughs, tills and sows the soil while God waters and warms the seed in the earth—together they are producers. Man grafts and nurses the infant apple tree, God causes it to blossom and bring forth fruit. In the same way man sows the seeds of truth in the hearts of men, God causes the seed to germinate, to spring forth, and yield abundantly. There is much professed Christian work which yields apparently nothing. Is it not because the co-operation of God is not intelligently sought, and hence unrealized? There must be the combination of the Divine and human powers. Faith will transmute human impotence into omnipotence. The motto for every campaigner is

"Work and Believe."

Go and work! Begin with the next man you meet. One word, a look, a text, a prayer, used by God has been enough to translate a sinner from darkness into light. The General's motto, "Go for souls, and go for the worst," may be quoted. There is special glory to God in the salvation of a great sinner.

Choose the hardest sinner in your town or locality, and personally set about his or her salvation—go and work.

Pray for that one. Seek him out. Tell him your errand. Refuse to be put off. Stick to your object, whatever may happen. God will honor your persistence. Work and faith will accomplish wonders.

That converted sinner will prove to be a great attraction.

Go and work for your household—father, mother, brother, sister, children, husband or wife. Set about the work of their salvation in a methodical fashion: pray for them persistently, and harass them day and night until they submit themselves to God. Speak to them, write to them, use every measure possible to enforce the truth.

Go and work for your workmates. They are with you every day; your life is spent in close association with men and women who are on their way to hell.

Work for Their Salvation.

Be consistent in your profession, holy in your life, and bold in presenting the truth to their minds.

Be persistent! The Bible is rich in illustrations of the rewards of persistence. Enoch walked with God and he was not, for God took him. Noah preached for 120 years and saved himself and his race from destruction. Jacob wrestled with God and wonderfully prevailed. The greatest example is God's own persistence, for we read, "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship Him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." The plan of salvation was worked out through succeeding generations, from the time of the fall.

Persistence is Essential to Success.

Go and work for results! Expect them, look for evidences, and be dissatisfied if they are not forthcoming. It is unreasonable and unnatural to work and obtain no results. Causes produce effects in the spiritual world as well as in the natural world. If you work

honestly, sincerely, wisely, you must see results from your labors. Make the work of saving souls a definite business—it will pay you in time and eternity.

Go and work on the platform, the street, the homes of the people, the places of resort. Go to the people—they must be reached. Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Go to the factories for noonday meetings. In one or two instances recently employers have invited the officers to conduct noonday prayer meetings with their employees.

Here is an Open Door.

Go and work with boldness, get delivered from timidity. "The fear of man bringeth a snare," and how large a number of professors are caught therein.

Go and work! work! work!!! It will be found when this campaign is over that the successful ones will be those who have worked.

It is a solemn thought that at least two million people will die in February. Some of those we work with, or live with, some that we may pass on the street, or occasionally meet in our travels on the street or railroad cars. They will pass out of time into eternity to the great Bar of Eternal Justice. How many will be saved and ready to meet God? It may be some reader of these lines will be among the number. Will you make the most of the hours or days that remain? Redeem the time, because the days are evil. Hours were wasted in January and opportunities lost. It may be the campaign so far in your neighborhood has fizzled through your neglect. Go and work so that February shall be a glorious month of red-hot soul-saving—a delightful season for the spirits of the just, both on earth and in Heaven.

The Chief Secretary's Notes.

The campaign progresses and good news continues to come to hand of souls being saved, and a steady awakening in some far distant localities.

I spent last Sunday at Brantford. The corps, under Adj. and Mrs. Kendall, is in good fighting trim. The Sunday morning open-air was a fine engagement that took hold of the street. The battle was fought between two saloons, and the inmates were attracted to listen.

The testimonies were excellent and full of power. The Bandmaster, with tears on his face and in his voice, pleaded for the souls of some besotted looking men. It was a beautiful sight. All bandmasters should be leaders in testimony and prayer.

Ensign Owen and Capt. Mardall accompanied me, and proved to be splendid armor-bearers and specials. The singing caught on immensely and the "Ranters" have an invitation to Brantford any time.

Brigadier Hargrave assisted admirably. On Monday morning, at 7 a.m., we left for Galt—twenty-three miles across country on an electric car in two hours. Like many professing Christians, we were short of power, and could not make much headway.

Galt is a kind of granite town, distinctly Scotch. Our new hall is nearly finished, and will be quite a dainty little auditorium—too small, I fear. Adj. Wilson and Capt. Thompson are full of expectancy, and ask for the

Commissioner to perform the opening ceremony.

By the by, Ensign White goes to Galt this week. He has done splendidly at North Bay, and will spend some weeks in Galt to deal with the financial side of building operations. Mrs. White will, in all probability, accompany him.

The Commissioner has been away three weeks. He leaves London on the 3rd for the return journey. We will be delighted to welcome him back again. Canada has a warm place in her heart for the Commissioner. He will bring some news from the Metropolis of Salvation Army operations, no doubt.

Get ready for Massey Hall. The Social Annual, commissioning, and welcome will be a great meeting. Suburban and country friends will do well to come to town for that day. A fine program is being arranged.

The meeting I held at Dovercourt, with Headquarters boys last week, was most enjoyable. The bell-ringers did excellently, considering they had only practised a few days. There is some latent genius on H. Q. There was the true salvation ring about the whole proceedings.

The Chief Secretary at Dovercourt and Brantford.

The young men of Headquarters accompanied the Chief Secretary to Dovercourt last week. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, in charge of the Demonstration Department, piloted the party. After tea down town, the boys, numbering fifteen, boarded the Bloor and McCaul car and reached the point of attack in good time for the open-air. The meeting was musical, melodious and withal spiritual, and was greatly enjoyed. The bell-ringers acquitted themselves excellently. The testimonies were very good. Colonel Pugmire spoke on the Prison Work and the Chief Secretary talked on conversion.

Brantford.

Ensign Owen and Capt. Mardall accompanied the Chief Secretary to Brantford for his initial visit. Saturday and Sunday were spent very profitably in this busy manufacturing town. Adj. and Mrs. Kendall made all feel very much at home. The band and soldiers fought well all day. Splendid open-airs, with a big crowd of warriors on the streets. God came very near in the meetings. Ensign Owen and Capt. Mardall sang some new songs, which were speedily taken up by the crowd. The Chief Secretary spoke in the morning on "Holiness and Preservation," in the evening on "A Lost Soul." A number knelt at the penitent form. Glory be to God!

EASTERN REVIVAL.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp Stir Halifax—Fifty-Four Souls—Fire Spreading.

(By Wire.)

Halifax stirred; soldiers, backsliders, and sinners blessed during one of the best series of meetings ever held in the city. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, with Capt. Riley, at Halifax II. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday; Dartmouth, Tuesday; Halifax I., Wednesday and Thursday. Fifty-four souls came to the mercy seat. God wonderfully upheld the Colonel and Mrs. Sharp. The band did good service. The Fire is spreading. The revival is coming. We believe the Holy Ghost will fall upon the people.—Adj. Wiggins, D. O.

Nelson said that "there is one five minutes which mean the winning or losing of a battle." The same great truth applies to the loss or salvation of a soul.

WAR NEWS OF THE TERRITORY

BEAR RIVER. We looked forward to a Hallelujah Wedding, wonderful times at the coming of Major Phillips and Capt. Ritchie. One soul was converted on Sunday night, making ten for the week. On Monday night we witnessed one of the greatest scenes that ever took place in the history of the Army in Bear River. Capt. Weakley was united in marriage to Bro. Reginald Graham. We join the War Cry with hearty congratulations. Things are moving on in the right direction under the leadership of Capt. and Mrs. Oellvie. May God bless their labors. They have worked very hard since coming here in repairing our barracks. All together we are going in for greater victories.—Sergt.-Major J. Wentzell.

CARMAN. Last Friday our officers, Capt. May A Social Too. Lang and Lieut. A. Coleman, had a soldiers' tea, which turned out a grand success. We had a very sociable time together, after which we had a real good holiness meeting. Lieut. Oke, from Winnipeg, paid us a visit and we were all glad to see him. The soldiers of Carman corps have never felt so much of the power of God as we have since New Year's night. Our last soldiers' meeting was one of the most blessed, powerful, soul-saving times the soldiers ever felt in Carman. Backsliders are coming home, sinners are getting saved, and soldiers are getting strengthened in the faith.—John L. Lee, the Saved Irishman.

DAUPHIN. Seven souls captured for the Lord. Seven Souls. One of them left the fighting line nine years ago, and was held captive by the devil until a few days since, when the Lion of Judah broke every chain and set him free. He has been carrying the drum for Jesus since. The devil's line has been broken and there are signs of many more about to surrender to the claims of Christ.—Alex. Hall, Capt.

GODERICH. We were favored with a visit Skating Postponed. from Staff-Capt. McLean, Ensign Hodges and Bandmaster Dawson, for the week-end. The meetings were good, from the knee-drill right through the day. God came very near in the holiness meeting, and two sought the blessing of a clean heart, while one sought salvation. There was deep conviction in the afternoon and night meetings, and several asked for our prayers. The duo, "Tell mother I'll be there," went home to m-m hearts. Although it was pouring with rain on Monday night, the citadel was well filled for the moving pictures. Every one enjoyed it immensely. One gentleman put the following announcement on his board: "No skating to-night; everyone go to the Salvati n Army." There was a severe storm on Tuesday night, but we had a few in, and two more sought and found salvation.—Yours going in for victory, Capt. Askin and Lieut. Gariside.

GLACE BAY. Since our present officers, Ensign Seven Souls. and Mrs. Carter and Capt. Backus, arrived in G. B. things have been on the up-grade. Our crowds are good, souls are being saved, and soldiers getting into a better place in their soul's experience. Some have joined the Praying League. We have had some special meetings, which have proved a blessing. Among others, the "Prodigal Son," and a memorial service for the late little Alex. Payne, who, in his short life, proved to all who knew him what God can do for a small boy. Yesterday afternoon was Alex's memorial, when two little girls were saved, and at last night's meeting more souls surrendered to God. We are believing for many more and for greater outpourings of His Spirit in our midst.—Mrs. J. S. McPherson.

HAMILTON I. The farewell meetings of Twelve Souls and Adj. and Mrs. Habrick and Fifteen Soul-Winners. Lieut. Layman were declared by old soldiers to be the best the corps had seen for many years. The meeting was a fitting close to a most successful soldier's stay. On Sunday seven souls sought salvation, some of whom had attended the meetings for years without yielding. As the converts rose to their feet in the Sunday night meeting with joy and determination written on their faces, everyone felt a definite and lasting work to God. We are published. On Tuesday night five more were converted, all most promising cases. Wednesday night saw the final farewell of the officers, with Bandmaster and Mrs. Hanagan, who take a field appointment. The principal feature was the swearing-in of fifteen new soldiers, young men and women who, during the past month or two, have proved themselves worthy recruits. The farewells closed with a social cup of tea, to which a large crowd stayed. Thursday night was the welcome meeting of Adj. and Mrs. Knight, and if the commencement of their stay be any

criterion as to the future, then it is indeed full of promise. The reception was hearty, and the general opinion seems to be, "They'll do."—Tommy Tootler.

HAMILTON II. Christmas week-end we had Twenty-One Souls. Brother and Sister Miller, from the Temple. The London Slum meeting, and the meetings all day Sunday, were much enjoyed. Our Christmas tree was a record for No. II. The people were standing in every corner. One young man pulled his chum through the window. Many were turned away, to our sorrow. Next came Ensign Owen for a week-end. We had a lovely time, finishing up with eleven souls. Then came Staff-Captain Simco. We were all blessed and encouraged, especially with the enrolment of seven recruits, making twenty-two added to the roll in seven months. It was a remarkable time. We finished at 11.15, with ten souls. "Will ye no come back again, Staff-Captain?"—Ruth Laidlaw.

HEART'S DELIGHT. Three precious souls have Shouting and Dancing. been won from the paths of sin. On Sunday it was a blessed day to all of us. Much of the Spirit and power of God was felt in our midst. Two out of the



Adj. and Mrs. Orchard and Baby Paul, Picton, Ont.

number present were willing to give up sin and come to Jesus. He saved them, and they were glad they came to that meeting. We are believing to see others soon at the feet of Jesus. We had a most beautiful meeting, for which we give God the glory. Such shouting and dancing we had to end a good day's fight.—Correspondent.

MEAFORD. On Tuesday night, Jan. 16th, we Visit of D. O. had a visit from our D. O., Brigadier Collier. The Collingwood officers and some of the comrades accompanied him. We had a good time and one soul professed to get right with God. We all say, "Come again, Brigadier, and come again, Collingwood comrades."—Yours for God and souls, Sunbeam.

MIDLAND. Midland has been having some 300 on the march. of those old-time, red-hot, blood-and-fire times that our fathers talk about. The Watchnight march was attended by nearly 300 people, singing Salvation songs. Since the cold weather has set in we have been making it hot for the enemy. Many prisoners and deserters have been captured and reclaimed. Our soldiers' meetings (our "polishing-up" time), which, by the way, has been tried, are proving real pentecostal times of blessing.—Eudymon.

MONTGOM, N.B. Commencing on Saturday evening, meetings were conducted by Adj. Cate, of Provincial Headquarters, assisted by Capt. Ritchie, of the same place. Three brothers knelt at the penitent form. On Sun-

day, beginning at 7 o'clock, a fight was kept up until 11, when a grand victory was won for the King, kings, and five precious souls broke away from the enemy's ranks, making six for the day. Since coming here God has owned and blessed the efforts that have been put forth, and granted us what has been desired above all else, namely, the salvation of souls.—C. Reeves, for Ensign Martin.

MONTREAL I. They are having wonderful times 100 Souls. of blessing in Montreal. Over 100 souls in three weeks have been reported from No. I. corps. The Rev. Mr. Curry, of the Inspector St. Mission, gave an address one night, which evidently was much appreciated. Sunday was a day of blessing. Good knee-drill, led by S.-M. Colley, and holiness meeting led by Ensign Gilling, Four souls sought the blessing. At night the Ensign took for his subject, "Playing the Fool." Two souls resolved to play the fool no longer and so surrendered to God. Eight souls on Monday. Brigadier and Mrs. Turner paid a visit on Tuesday night, and eight more souls were won.—Capt. H. Hurd.

MONTREAL II. With Ensign and Mrs. Candidates Speak Up. Coy in charge, things are on the move. Brigadier Turner, Capt. Hurd and ten Candidates were to the front at a special meeting recently. The Candidates told the people why they were going into the work of the Salvation Army, and the chief reasons stated seem to have been (1) They felt called by God; (2) They saw the world's need. Brigadier Turner then referred to his own call, twenty years ago, and prayed that the young people just starting on the same path might be made great soul-winners.—Capt. H. Hurd.

MONTREAL V. This corps is, under God's blessing, maintaining its reputation as an aggressive factor in the war against sin and darkness. The services, both inside and on the streets, are well supported by the soldiers. During the past fortnight forty souls have surrendered to the call of love and mercy. Faith and prayer are the weapons that are effectively used to do battle against the powers of darkness. These must prevail. Occasional half-nights of prayer are special features in this corps. Both Capt. Owen and Miller have the support and sympathy of friends and comrades in their soul-saving campaign in this stricken district.—Volunteer.

NELSON, B.C. Christmas week-end we had a Banana Social. beautiful time. We serenaded different residences of the business people, who contributed towards our work in a very generous way. Christmas night we had our tree for the children, which was exceedingly well attended and very much enjoyed by all. The drills of the children were highly applauded. At the appearance of Santa and his wife the joy of the children knew no bounds. At New Year's we had a banana social, which was a great success. Last, but not least, a number of souls have been saved. Altogether we are marching on to victory.—Emily Cowling.

NEW GLASGOW, N.S. Revival campaign suc- Three Penitent Forms. cessfully launched and glorious results achieved. Week-end meetings full of prayer, work, and faith. Big smash in the devil's territory. Hallelujah! Sunday night's prayer meeting had concluded when number one volunteered. We re-commenced the meeting, and number two came out. Three penitent forms were in requisition in the hall, and we enjoyed a real old-time prayer meeting. We commenced at 12.15 a.m., praying God for six souls at the mercy seat.—Geo. Smith, W. C. C.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. We are still on the Converts Victorious. war path marching on to victory. Although the devil here is a real live devil, and tries in many ways to hinder our good work, still we are a real old-time praying army. We are encouraged, praise God. Converts victorious, taking stand under the blood-and-fire.—Dixie 2.

ODESSA. We are still alive down here, dealing out the truths of salvation. On Sunday evening a family of four walked in from the country with their lantern, and we believe they went away thinking more seriously than when they came.

ORILLIA. God has been blessing us of late A Good Motto. and souls have been getting saved. Since the New Year's campaign four sisters have been enrolled, and we have more recruits preparing to take their stand. The new local officers and bandmen are taking hold of their

work well. The band's latest addition is Bro. Dunn and his son, from the Congress Hall, London, Eng. Yesterday was a good day, and the bandmaster, working and praying much for the salvation of souls, and God rewarded our labors. Brigadier Collier, who was trying to gain a little rest and strength for his throat and voice, dropped in for the evening meeting, and although in that condition could not refrain from taking with pleasure to the visit of Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich and Brigadier Collier. We have increased our War Cry order, and are still going on to victory. Odlila for Jesus, is our motto.—T. Hoddinott and wife.

OTTAWA I. Brigadier Turner, accompanied A Great Remedy, by Capt. Battick, visited the corps to open the special campaign. They received an enthusiastic welcome, and on Saturday night one soul came to Christ. In the Sunday morning holiness meeting, after a red-hot service of testimony and song, the Brigadier gave a very profitable discourse on "Take heed." The free-and-easy was a red-hot time, and the wonderful remedy for all sin was advertised—the blood of Christ. Cadet Martha Webster was present in this meeting. At the close of the evening service, three souls sought pardon. Capt. Battick proved to be a valuable assistant all through the campaign.—Albert J. French.

PALMERSTON. We are glad to be able to say that since we have started our meetings on Sunday night at 7 o'clock everyone is more satisfied. A lot of people come to our meetings now that did not come before, on account of their getting the idea. Our converts are doing nicely and many others are deeply convicted. Last Sunday we had an enrolment, and a large crowd came out to see who they were. Two of our converts, one a senior and the other a junior, were enrolled. The meeting was a very impressive one, and the Army doctrine was made known, and also what it meant to be a Salvation Army soldier.—Lieut. E. E. Turner for Capt. O. R. Carter.

PARRSBORO, N.S. Capt. Hamilton has enrolled four beneath the Army flag. Lieut. Clark has farewelled, as he is right at home, and gave us a good talk on "The Importance of Decision." For the week-end we had with us Ensign E. Clark, belonging to the American forces. The meetings were very good and well attended. One young man came forward for salvation, and a number raised their hands for prayer.—Max.

PEMBROKE. A revival has broken out in the corps. The Knickerbocker has been started, and the outsiders are beginning to come to it. Big open-air are being held, and the soldiers are getting into uniform.—Salvation Octopus.

PETERBORO. During the past week we have experienced a time of soul-saving. Last Saturday night it was felt from the commencement of the meeting that a definite work was going to be done. Six sought the Saviour. Three came to the mercy seat at the same time. One died, and another got converted and then went fishing, and a little girl was noticed dealing faithfully with souls. On Sunday night, after a hard fight, four more souls were registered for God. Monday was soldiers' meeting. Our officers were in command, and Mrs. McAmmond took the lesson, speaking on "Practical Religion in the Small Matter of Life." She spoke of conviction to many hearts, and at the close of the meeting we rejoiced over ten souls out for a higher experience. Many of the comrades confessed past failures and asked an interest in our prayers. May God bless them and make them warriors who need not be ashamed. This week fifty-one were present in the soldiers' meeting. We have been aiming at fifty for the past few weeks.—Cambria.

PICTON. Sunday's meetings were well attended. Five souls, and God wonderfully helped us. There was a great deal of conviction in the meetings. Five souls were saved during the past week. We are very sorry to report that our beloved officer is poorly, but are trusting she will soon be well again. God bless the Lieutenant.—Anderson.

PORT SIMPSON, B.C. New Year's Eve will be First Prize to the long remembered in Port Simpson. We have had all kinds of weather except fine weather. It has blown and rained and snowed to test the band (of course, not meaning Nelson's band). They marched with us on the street and played salvation songs in the barracks. This is the best native band in B. C. It took the first prize at New Westminster, where all the Indian bands were competing. It is up-to-date in music, and the best of all many of them are on the side of right. We pray that all may take their stand for God soon. Our soldiers are in good fighting trim, and are in the fight to the finish. Our crowds are good, and sometimes the barracks is crowded out. Best of all, poor sinners are coming home to Jesus. To God we give all the glory and march on.—S. Blackburn, Adj.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH. God's Spirit, we believe, is working upon the people.

Both men and women are beginning to realize their need of salvation. Captain and Mrs. Calvert are thoroughly alive to their opportunities. Last Thursday evening we gave a musicale, comprised entirely of local talent. Our hall was entirely too small to accommodate the attendance. We had a visit from the Lady Foresters, who made the hearts of the soldiers and officers glad by their witty sayings.—W. H. Thompson.

ST. CATHARINES. We are rejoicing over one prodigal returned to his home. On Saturday night he came to Jesus, and got blessedly saved. He was able to testify to that fact on Sunday, and we believe he will make a whole-hearted soldier for God in the ranks of our Army. On Sunday night we held a memorial service to the memory of our late sister, Miss Bella Crow, who was buried last Sunday by the Army. Although the service was very impressive yet none yielded to the claims of God. We are looking for a genuine smash in the devil's ranks soon.—C. M. D., for Capt. and Mrs. Walker.

ST. JOHN'S II. Truly we can say the revival Jumped Over Seats. At knee-drill we pledged ourselves to let that be a day of waiting upon God. In our holiness meeting three came out for sanctification. Five dear souls gave themselves to God at night, four of these backsliders we had been praying for. Oh, what rejoicing. Seats were jumped over. How our hearts did leap for joy to see husband and wife rejoicing and praising God together. We closed at 11:30 p.m. somewhat tired in body but with hearts running over with joy.—One who was there.

SOMERSET, BER. On the 9th and 10th of Dec. we had with us Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, accompanied by Capt. Riley and Lieut. Smith. They held a musical meeting, which was very much enjoyed. On the 10th we had a glorious service in Somerset. We had the pleasure of seeing ten souls kneeling at the penitential form for re-consecration, and five souls seeking pardon for their sins. On Sunday night we had a good crowd at the salvation meeting.

SYDNEY, C.B. Good crowds are present almost every night, and quite an interest is being taken in our special campaign meetings. An old-fashioned revival meeting was held Monday night when three prodigals came home. Nearly twenty new locals were commissioned on Thursday night. A welcome was also given to Lieut. Thistle, who has come to assist us. The Songsters Brigade took an active part in the meetings, and with the assistance of a piano the string band is quite an attraction. "One Thousand Drunk, and What Happened to the Landlord" was the subject for a recent Sunday night, and "Sydney's Funeral Procession" last Sunday. Of those who have been forward lately a number are taking a brave stand as soldiers.—N. R. Trickey, Ensign.

TORONTO JUNCTION. We have just had a visit from Bro. Baker, the converted clown, and Bandmaster Packham, of Dovercourt, who supplied the music. Bro. Baker's life was given us in his clown's dress. He gave us a thrilling account of his life on the stage, and his connection with circus life. The barracks was crowded, and the whole congregation was moved to tears as Bro. Baker spoke of the manner he had treated a broken-hearted mother. He then testified to the contrast, which was brought about by conversion. During the evening a violin and cornet duet was rendered by Miss Nellie Baker and Bandmaster Packham. This consecrated talent was greatly appreciated and brought great

applause from the interested audience. A cornet solo was also given by the Bandmaster, which appreciably followed up the clown's pleadings to the unconverted young men who were starting out in life. The solo was a note of comment, finishing up with a five-octave run. At the conclusion of the service a city musician enquiring as to the range and tone which was acquired on the instrument, the Bandmaster introduced the Army's own manufacture. The chorus, "Jesus is calling, was sung and used as an invitation to the congregation. No visible results were seen, but hearts were touched.—Junctionite.

TRURO, N.S. The financial representative has just spent two weeks here, raising funds to put a new roof on the barracks, and, thanks to the many kind friends, victory was achieved. Captain Lebans and Lieut. Daisell have just arrived to take charge of the corps. Lieut. Stairs, who has been holding on for a few weeks, to superintend the putting on of the new roof and do some other repairs about the building, has gone elsewhere. Thursday night was announced as a special meeting, led by Captain Lebans. The "Availing Rock of Ages" proved to be very successful. Adj. Thompson and Lieut. Daisell represented the world and its vanities. Sisters Wilson and the two Chapmans did excellent as angels. Miss Myrtle Good and Sister Geddes made up the unseen choir. Colonel Sharp, our P. O., stopped off this week for a few hours while on his way to Halifax. It does one good to have a chat with the Colonel, even if he can't conduct a meeting. There appear to be good prospects ahead for Truro.—Eastern Tramp.

VANCOUVER. Major and Mrs. Rawling, our Ten Souls. Divisional Officers, conducted the meetings all day Sunday, also the Watchnight service. They proved a soul-refreshing time. Our dear officers and comrades all consecrated themselves to fight still more valiantly than ever. We are pleased to report ten souls saved, and several for a deeper work of grace, since the New Year. Adj. Hayes and Capt. Knudson have had a severe attack of la grippe. We are happy to report them better. Good attendance at the meetings shows that the people are interested in the all-important question of seeking, finding, and knowing God. Hallelujah!—H. N. M. N.

Christmas in the Klondike.

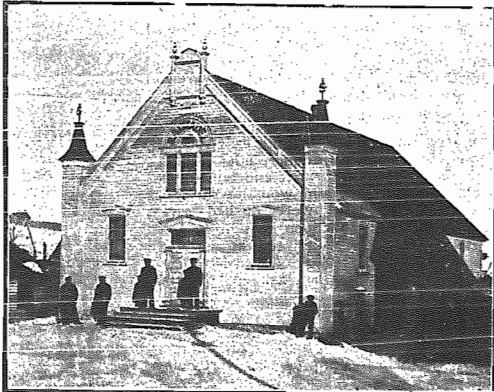
Bonanza, Yukon Territory.

Dear Editor,—I thought you would be pleased to know how we spent our second Christmas in the Klondike. Well, it was one of the happiest Christmases in our lives. We celebrated by having a very special Christmas program, when recitations, singing, and drills were the order of the evening; also every child was presented with a Christmas stocking, and at the close of the service, cake and coffee were provided to all. Also a similar program was given by us down the creek, where every man, woman, and child were remembered. Both evenings we had a full house, and we proved in making others happy, joy was brought to our own hearts. Santa Claus came to our little log cabin and dropped something worth having down the ventilator. The climax came on Old Year's night, when six precious souls consecrated themselves afresh to God. Although far from our comrades, we daily prove God is near us to bless and cheer.—Maud Pease, Capt.

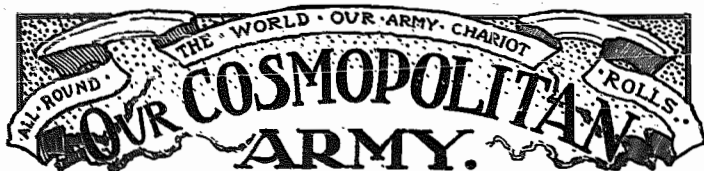
Dawson City.—Well, Christmas is past and gone. We tried to do our best in helping others, and God has helped us a little. Praise Him! We fed seventy-five and sent out twenty-four boxes, weighing from twenty to forty-five pounds each, and helped seven others with clothing or fuel. We had a grand time, and everything went off nicely and without a hitch. Party is keeping fairly well. Praise God. God bless you—I am yours to help, Wm. Cummins.



Jean B. Kean, Halifax I.



Harbor Grace (Nfld.) New Citadel. Opened by Brigadier Clover on New Year's Day.



MRS. BOOTH'S ANNUAL MIDNIGHT SUPPER AT PICCADILLY.

The heart of the West-End, known as Piccadilly, Regent Street and Pall Mall, between midnight and 1 a.m. is thronged with a company of men and women, youths and maidens, who look like the denizens of another world.

It is a changing company, for no one reigns long. Old frequenters drop off and new victims appear; but from year to year the women who, in showy dress and with artificially beautified faces, here barter their highest possessions for passing gratification or gain, look for and expect the coming of the Salvation Army midnight march, and the distribution of invitations to supper with Mrs. Booth.

The Army is accepted now; hardly a sign of hatred or opposition comes from the women, who know we are after their souls. Baffled rage appears on a man's face here and there as he sees his fair companion led away on the arm of a bonneted sister; but on the other hand more than one well-dressed man that night offered a gift of gold to an Army worker in token of his appreciation.

Visions of Vanished Childhood.

Headed by the Rink Band, which played appealingly the sweet old tunes associated with a vanished childhood's pastime the procession, 120 strong, passed steadily through the shining, rain-splashed streets, women's voices singing, when the band passed, such words as, "Would Jesus have the sinner die?" "For Three all the follies of sin I resign," and "Swift to its close bids out life's little day."

The contrast between the faces in the march and those on the sidewalk was as great as it could be.

It was not entirely easy to get our guests to enter the hall. Some who had submitted to being led all the way only dashed past the door and shook themselves free; others would not come unless a gentleman friend could come also. Many required patient reasoning and coaxing, while several recounted a little later, after having broken away, that they were rudderless craft, driven to and fro by the changing breezes of fancy and desire. No principle guides them, no sense of duty nor voice of conscience is acknowledged in their lives.

"We're just going to remember for a few minutes that we were once little, happy children," said Commissioner Cox, as she gave out the first song after supper. Everybody accepted a book and rose to sing, and throughout the wonderful meeting which followed there was respectful attention from all, while many were melted to remorseful tears, and more than one girl sobbed aloud at heart and memory stirred and awoke.

Mrs. Booth's Moving Appeal.

Of Mrs. Booth's talk it is not easy to speak adequately. In her sweet and tender woman's voice she appealed with tact and firmness to all that was true and womanly in those who listened. Plates were pushed away, shoulders heaved, and open sobs broke from hearts at whose pain and earnest we could only dimly guess.

Her little daughter had asked, "Mamma, why are you going out to-night?" That question awoke many reasons, a few of which Mrs. Booth gave to her audience. "Once every one of you were dear little girls like my daughter, and beautiful prospects were before you. We are here because we know the sin and shame that has come into your lives. But chiefly we are here because we know that things can be changed. I heard a voice out

of heaven saying . . . behold, I make all things new."

The Door of Hope.

As Mrs. Booth explained simply how she was prepared to help those who would be helped, about the recommendation to honest employment which each could by-and-by win, and about the vehicle waiting without to drive them across London to an Army Home, a burst of spontaneous clapping showed how this practical thoughtfulness was approved. The penitent form was soon lined with a row of sobbing girls (none being wholly free from the influence of strong drink) and a little company of them were afterwards driven to the Receiving House at Hackney, whilst others, no doubt, will follow of their own accord after maturer reflection.

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-HELLBERG.

Greatly Improved in Health.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, whose health, our readers will be glad to learn, is vastly improving, has, during the last few days, been at the International Headquarters, in consultation with the General and the Chief of the Staff.

The Commissioner has completed the important literary work upon which he has been engaged for the past fifteen months—a work, by the way, which, while of a semi-private character is likely to be of untold value to leading Salvation Army officers throughout the world.

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, well-known to Cry readers as Commissioner Lucy Booth, is much stronger than she has been for months past. Recently she took part in the General's Swiss Campaign, and with her husband, is eagerly anticipating an early return to the active fighting list.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg have now two bonnie children, a boy and a girl.

STAFF-CAPT. WILLIE GORE

Of Melbourne, Australia, was the Winner of the Award in the International March Competition of Band Music.

Staff-Capt. Gore is the son of Adjt. John Gore, better known as the "Hallelujah Milkman," who was one of the earliest Salvationists in the Southern Hemisphere. Staff-Capt. Gore was born in the Army, and became an officer fourteen years ago. He was in charge of the Army's first Staff Band, is a splendid musician, and is now head of the Musical Department at the Territorial Headquarters.

NORWAY'S COMMANDER

New Appointment for Colonel Opheim.

Colonel Johann Opheim, who has had charge of our forces in Finland during the past two years, has been appointed by the General to succeed Commissioner Wm. Edfield as Territorial Commander of Norway.

The Colonel is not unknown to British readers, as he has had charge of the Northern Province of that country, and was also, for some time, on special service.

A Swede by birth, and a school teacher by profession, Colonel Opheim left a lucrative post to become a Salvationist. He has held the Chief Secretaryship of Sweden, and has also been Territorial Commander of Denmark.

Lieut.-Colonel Sydney Maidment is Norway's Chief Secretary.

It will be remembered that Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Peyron, late of France, are appointed to Finland.

CEYLON.

Conversion of a Prominent Buddhist.

At the village of Kudagama, where we have a corps, a Buddhist leader has been converted. As a result of the stand he has taken for God, it is probable that three families of his relatives—all Buddhists—will seek God in the near future, and become Salvationists.

The man in question once publicly trampled the Bible under his feet, saying that it was a book of lies.

He was formerly a bitter opponent of the Army, but, through a remarkable dream, he was led to see himself a sinner in the sight of God.

On awaking from his dream in great distress of mind, the man spent the remainder of the night repeating the Lord's Prayer, which he had learned by heart while examining the Bible for the purpose of criticizing it.

The next day he came to the Army hall, confessed his sins, and gave his heart to God.

The Quest for Souls on the Hawaiian Islands.

(Continued from page 4.)

reputation. In company with seven other men, he trekked to the Transvaal in quest of diamonds, where he experienced hard times.

As a billiard-marker in a gambling saloon he fared badly for a while. Then came a stroke of luck. He struck out to dig for diamonds again, and found thirty-seven, one being, to him, a great find, which realized four figures. His fortune melted as quickly as it had been gained. Next he made for Australia in a sailing ship. On reaching Sydney he tramped over the Blue Mountains to Baihurst, and took part in a rush to the gold-diggings. Broken, and wretched, and miserable, he presently left the land of golden dreams. What became of him? Let the following be the answer:—

It is New Year's Day in Honolulu. The Salvation Army hall, at the corner of King and Nuuanu Streets, is crowded with children, who have come in from the streets. What a mixture of races! Yet here they are, with hearts filled with expectancy for a good time. A tree near the platform is filled with bags of candy and other presents, such as the little ones love. The Army has evidently not overlooked even the newsboys of Honolulu. Sitting on the platform, the Army's band enlivens the scene with music.

Look hard at the Bandmaster.

Who is he?

We would hardly recognize in the spruce Salvationist leader the man whose chequered career in Europe, Australia, and South Africa we have barely outlined.

But such is the fact. Harry Cannon now finds happiness in the service of Christ by making others happy. On the far-away Hawaiian Islands the Army's long, strong arm linked him on to the great Father of all. He is married and settled down, with a family of eight—all saved in the Salvation Army. Year in and year out Harry preaches salvation in street and hall to the Christless crowds, to many of whom religion is hardly more than an empty name.

Are not such converts well worth doing for?

"The man has yet to be born who will prove to the utmost the power of prayer," John Foster.

Sorrow seems sent for our instruction, as we fashion the eyes of birds when we would teach them to sing.

The Special Campaign

THE GENERAL SECRETARY AT LISGAR STREET.

The visit of Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin to Lisgar Street last Sunday was greatly appreciated, and the invitation to return at an early date most pressing.

The meetings were particularly interesting and powerful. Four souls yielded in the holiness meeting, a number of new soldiers were enrolled in the afternoon, and seven souls found mercy at night.

The Colonel held a meeting with the band, which was a richly-profitable time.

The soldiers fought splendidly, outside and in. The audiences were very good all day.

TEMPLE REVIVAL NEWS.

The revival still continues at the Temple. The noonday prayer meetings are well attended, and the Headquarters Staff are joining with the corps in this special effort. The night meetings are times of power and blessing. Rousing open-air and marches are held, and the results are very encouraging. On Monday night thirty-two people consecrated themselves to God's service and promised to do something to bring other souls to Christ. On Tuesday six souls sought pardon, and many were the requests for prayer—for a sick sister, for a backslider, for a doubter. We remember them all at the Throne of Grace and believe God will yet do greater things for us.

THE TEMPLE CAMPAIGN.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Brigadier Taylor conducted the last of the four special Sundays at the Temple. The building was well filled in every part in the evening, while at the previous services there were more than the average attendances. The day was one of exceptional power and blessing. There were seventeen surrenders, fifteen of them coming out on Sunday night for pardon for sin. Ten of the number were young men. Four of the seekers came from the gallery. There has been a total of 67 souls in all meetings during the four Sundays.

CENTRAL PRISON AND MERCER.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Staff-Captain Fraser conducted the services at the Central Prison and Mercer on Sunday last. There are at the present time 406 prisoners in the Central, and they know how to sing. God's power was wonderfully present, and twenty-six men bravely acknowledged their sin and their desire for a new life.

At the Mercer seven seekers declared themselves.

RIVERDALE SPECIAL.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin conducted the meetings on Sunday at Riverdale, and God did indeed bless us. His talk was very helpful, for he gave us something to think about. He took up all the time, but we would gladly have listened longer. How the Colonel would have managed without Mrs. Gaskin is a problem. They did us good. In the afternoon the Colonel visited the junior hall, and the young people appreciated the Colonel's bright talk. The band and our comrades who have lately come from the Old Land also received a word of encouragement and blessing. The visible results were: One soul in the morning, one in the afternoon, and seven souls at night.—L. P. T. G.

Campaign Notes.

Culled from Private Letters to the Chief Secretary and Other Sources.

The East Ontario and Quebec Province made the fourth week in January score a record. One hundred prisoners were reported as results of vigorous campaigning. Attendances at the holiness meetings were also encouraging. Surely this is a good test of the depth of spiritual work going on.

Some comrades have been fighting their weariness and sickness, as well as waging war to the knife 'gainst sin and Satan. We extend our sympathy to these.

"As my strength comes back I gladly go forward in my much-loved work," says Ensign Mary Gannmaide, of Trenton. "We have had a few souls for salvation and cleansing since the Campaign started."

Adj. Allen, of North Sydney, C.B., writes: "During the past three weeks over fifty



Ensign and Mrs. Hancock, of Simcoe.

souls have knelt at Jesus' feet; among them are a number of young people, and some old backsliders who have been away from the Army for years."

This is good news indeed. Let us keep our converts as well as make them!

DRUNKARDS' WEEK AT SAULT STE, MARIE, ONT.

"Soo," Ont.

Dear Editor,—During "drunkards' week," instead of having a saved drunkards' meeting, as we have no saved drunkards in the corps, we had a temperance meeting. I am sending the report taken from the Sault Express. Yours in Him, Kate Ritchie, Ensign.

A TEMPERANCE MEETING

In the Salvation Army Barracks Last Night—Addresses by Messrs. John Dawson, John McKay, and Others.

A very pleasant and profitable evening was spent at the Salvation Army hall last night. The subject of the evening was Temperance, and was discussed from nearly every standpoint by the different speakers. After the chairman, Mr. John Dawson's, opening remarks, which were especially earnest and to the point, Dr. Fleming spoke of the evil effects of alcohol from the physician's point of view. He was followed by Mr. J. H. Melr, who took the recent temperance voting at the polling booths in Owen Sound as an object-lesson. Following this was a particularly earnest address by Barrister John McKay, who pleaded the cause of temperance to be in need of salvation, organization, and legislation.

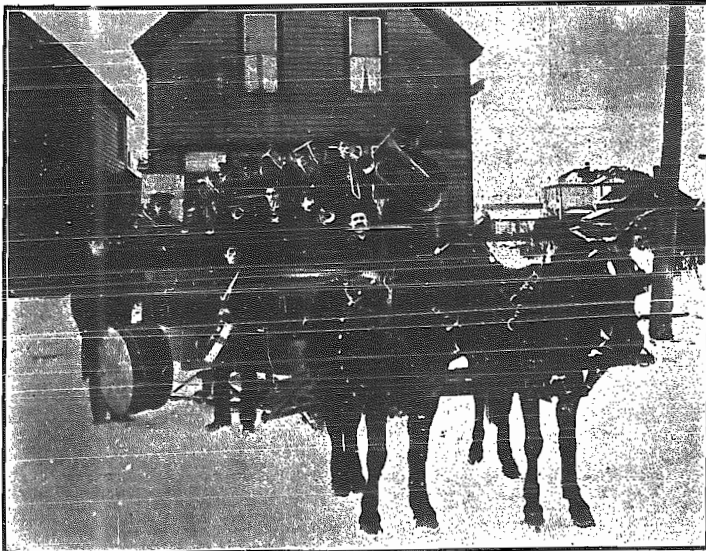
While the temperance cause was so ably supported by the men, it was quite as much so by the sisters, who were represented by Miss Springer, the deaconess, whose address, though a little quieter than that of the men, was very touching and impressive.

WOODSTOCK. The corps is making vigorous Twelve Souls. strides and gaining many victories over the devil. During the past two weeks twelve captives were set free and are now rejoicing in Christ. The open-air meetings have been better attended of late by poor victims of drink and sin, and who appear to be strongly impressed by the earnest appeal of Ensign Jarvis and the thrilling testimonies of the converts, who tell how Jesus spoke to their hearts and gave them strength and grace to break the fetters of Satan and to live for One Who can give peace and joy to their hearts.—Timothy.

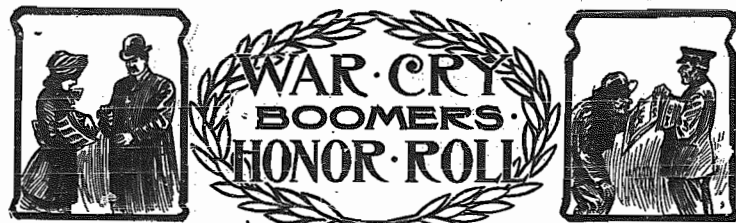
A LOOKING-GLASS LIGHTHOUSE.

The most extraordinary of all British Lighthouses is to be found on Arncliffe Rock, Stornoway Bay—a rock which is separated from the Island of Lewis by a channel over 600 feet wide. On this rock a conical beacon is erected, and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which, night after night, shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. The way in which this lighthouse is illuminated is this: On the Island of Lewis is a lighthouse, and from a window in a tower a stream of light is projected on to a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Arncliffe Rock.

Some of the domestic evils of drunkenness are houses without windows, gardens without fences, barns without roofs, fields without tillage, children without clothing, principles, morals, or manners.—Franklin.



The Canadian Soo Band, with Ensign Ritchie, Starting Out to Rouse Something.



Our worthy friend, Mulcahy, must doff his cap to Mrs. Capt. Taylor, of Brandon, who certainly takes the laurels! Howbeit he plays second fiddle in this week's music!

Women again! Sister M. Wright, of Victoria, heads the British Columbia list, and comes out third in the Territory in the list of boomers. Lieut. McLennan, of Winnipeg I, follows up close behind. All honor to each woman warrior!

We welcome the fifteen boomers of the Sea-Girt Isle to our Honor Roll. The T. H. Province is sedate in its movements. West Ontario leads the van for the number of its boomers, but every one who watches this page knows that the Province which boasts of the Ancient Capital has some regulars who are hard to beat. But as we said before, "There is always room on the top."

West Ontario Province.

53 Boomers

Mrs. Adj. Snow, Chatham	150
P. S.-M. Ward, London	150
Eva Norman, Windsor	130
Miss Clara Eastwell, London	108
Lieut. Woldroff, Tillsonburg	100
Capt. E. Pattenden, Guelph	100
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	100
P. S.-M. Dickson, St. Thomas	100

Supt. 1. Pattenden, Guelph, 90; Capt. Horwood, Sarnia, 35; Capt. Askin, Goderich, 85; Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia, 80; Mrs. Capt. Merritt, Leamington, 80; Capt. Thompson, Galt, 80; Capt. Gibbank, Galt, 80; Sister Fuller, Chatham, 80; Lieut. Garde, Goderich, 80; Capt. James, London, 75; Lieut. Galt, 75; Mrs. Galt, 75; Lieut. Galt, 75; Lieut. Galt, 75; Lieut. Galt, 75; Mrs. Frost, Woodstock, 75; Sister Forbes, Simcoe, 72; Capt. Bonny, Paris, 70; Adj. Sims, Windsor, 70; Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 70; Capt. Kitchen, Stratford, 66; Lieut. Cunningham, Strathroy, 65; Lieut. Herrington, Seaforth, 60; Ensign Hancock, Seaforth, 60; Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 60; Lieut. Morris, Clinton, 60; Capt. Fennacy, Ingersoll, 60; Mrs. Glover, Dresden, 55; Lieut. Stubbs, Heep ler, 55; Lieut. Turner, Palmerston, 55; Sergt. C. McQueen, Petrolia, 55; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Essex, 55; Lieut. Dyer, Essex, 55; Lieut. Dyer, Essex, 55; Lieut. Dyer, Essex, 55; Lieut. Dyer, Essex, 55; Sister Masterdon, Heep ler, 60; Capt. Cook, Bothwell, 50; Sergt. Mrs. Cole Brantford, 50; Mrs. Lewis, Ingersoll, 50; Mrs. Leter, Ingersoll, 60; Capt. Setter, Brinhelm, 60; Capt. Kerwell, Kingsville, 50; Mrs. Jones, Kingsville, 50; Treas. Galt, 50; Mrs. Stratford, Stratford, 50; Mrs. Sumr, Stratford, 50.

North-West Province.

2.6 Boomers

Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Brandon	350
Lieut. McLennan, Winnipeg I.	210
Sergt. Wingate, Winnipeg I.	200
Lieut. Irwin, Edmonton	200
Capt. Hardy, Carberry	145
Capt. Pearce, Regina	145
Sergt. Young, Regina	145
Capt. Willey, Prince Albert	115
Lieut. Moran, Portage la Prairie	115
Capt. Pearce, Medicine Hat	110
Adj. Byers, Calgary	110
Lieut. Mrs. Wainman, N.	105

Lieut. Coismann, Carman, 83; Capt. Lang, Carman, 82; Capt. Taylor, Brandon, 76; Lieut. Harris, Wetaskewin, 75; Uncle Rice, Neepawa, 50; Ensign Kaine, Calgary, 50; Bro. Nichols, Virden, 50; Lieut. Rankin, 50; Mother Chapman, Winnipeg 1, 50; Lieut. Dawe, Moose Jaw, 50; Lieut. Elliott, Saskatoon, 50; Lieut. Dillabough, Kenora, 50; Lieut. Keeler, Kenora, 50; Capt. Parker, Fort William, 50.

Training Home Province.

23 Boordern

Sergt. Matt. Moore, Riverdale	120
Capt. Baird, Dovercourt	100
Capt. Adair Dreisinger, Dovercourt, 81; Capt. Sheppard, Shawna, 90; Capt. Walker, St. Catharines, 85; Cadet Carse, Riverdale, 53; Lieut. Boocock, Orangeville, 75; Lizzie Gordon, Lippincott, 75; P. S.-M. Jordan, Lippincott, 65; Adjt. Knight, Lippincott, 60; Mrs. Adjt. Knight, Lippincott, 60; Cadet Anneveld, Junction, 55; Cadet Patrick, Junction, 65; Cadet Proudlove, Esther St., 65; Cadet Thompson, Parker, 51; Cadet Allen, 51; Capt. W. H. Harbrow, Temple, 51; Capt. Lucas, Hamilton Lt., 50; Mrs. Capt. St. Catharines, 60; P. S.-M. Caskie, St. Catharines, 50; Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St., 50; Ethel Osborne, Ligar St., 50; Capt. Currell, Uxbridge, 50.	

East Ontario Province.

21 Boomers.

P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal I.....	291
Lieut. Simmons, Toronto I.....	196
Lieut. Thompson, Smith's Falls.....	165
Adj't. Orchard, Picton.....	150
Mary Massey, Kingston.....	150
Mrs. Adj't. Crichton, Ottawa I.....	145
Capt. Penfold, Sherbrooke.....	112
Capt. Heater, Ottawa II.....	102
Capt. Berlis, Ottawa I.....	100
P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I.....	100

80 and Over.—Capt. Smith, Prescott; S.-M. Rogers, Montreal IV.; Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.
70 and Over.—Capt. Salter, Quebec; Lieut. Penn, Lieut. Meers, Brockville.
60 and Over.—Capt. Ash, Tweed.
50 and Over.—Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Campbellford; Bro. Fraser, Montreal V.; Lieut. Davis, Montreal IV.; Sergt. Barber, Kingston.

British Columbia and Yukon Division.

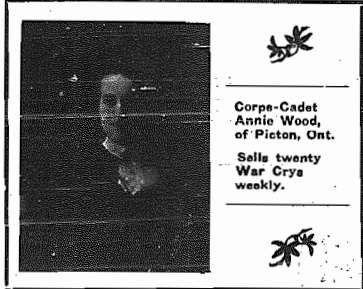
15 Boomers

Sister M. Wright, Victoria	218
Cand. Nelson, Vancouver	110
<p>Capt. Knudson, Vancouver, 95; Capt. Allen, Ross- land, 78; Capt. Trevis, Fernie, 76; Lieut. Rickard, Ferne, 75; Lieut. Davidson, Nanaimo, 76; Lieut. Chatterton, Revelstoke, 76; Mrs. Captain Baynton, Nelson, 60; Cand. Perkins, Nelson, 60; Mrs. Captain Sainsbury, New Westminster, 60; Capt. Sainsbury, New Westminster, 50; Capt. Moore, Revelstoke, 30; Bro. Britt, Rossland, 22; Ensign Wilson, Nanaimo, 12.</p>	

Newfoundland Province.

12 Вообража.

Sergt. Gillingham, Twillingate	156
Sergt. Pynne, St. John's I.	154
Cadet Hussey, St. John's II, 75; Cadet Cole, St. John's I, 65; Cadet Coyell, St. John's II, 59; Cadet Jones, St. John's II, 45; Cadet Vincent, St. John's I, 42; Cadet Bauld, St. John's I, 40; Cadet Stickland, St. John's I, 38; P. S.-M. Whitten, St. John's I, 30; Sergt. Harris, St. John's I, 26; J. S.-M. Greene, Arnold's Cove, 20.	



ANTI-DRINK.

Under the heading, "Alcohol a Poison," a writer remarks: "Some people think that alcohol is simply called a poison in the figurative sense, and that where so much physical, social, and moral harm is wrought by a substance, it may be spoken of metaphorically as a poison. That is not the view of the question that is taken by scientific investigation. Experiment, experience, and investigation all show that alcohol is a poison in the ordinary and natural sense of the word."

Drunkenness is nothing else but a voluntary madness.—Seneca.
Habitual intoxication is the epitome of every crime.—Douglas Jerrold.

Rarely drink but when thou art dry, not then between meals if it can be avoided.—Wm. Penn.

There is scarcely a crime brought before me that is not, directly or indirectly, caused by strong drink.—Judge Coleridge.

In the hottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence.

A NOTE OF THANKS.

Sergt.-Major Coulthard, of Feversham, wishes to thank the many kind friends, through the medium of the "Cry," for their letters of sympathy, which he has received during his late bereavement.

Promoted to Glory.

Essex:—On Thursday, January 4th, Sister Lewis Wagner and her infant son went to be with Jesus. About two weeks previous the death angel came and took her darling four-year-old daughter.

When our dear sister was passing away she said, "Come on, Jesus," and then called her dear husband and children to her bedside and bade them good-bye and said Jesus would come back and take her home through the Pearly Gates. Capt. and Mrs. Kerswell from Kingsville, assisted with the funeral services. The Captain read from the 22nd of Revelation, and spoke very forcibly. The barracks was crowded to the doors and people came from all over the island to do the honors. Our comrades and friends sympathized with our bereaved brother, and are glad to see him take his stand as a living monument of God's saving and keeping power.—J. H. Saunders, Rec. Cor.

Belleville.—She fought a good fight, she finished her course, she kept the faith. (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8).

God has visited our corps and has taken our faithful comrade, Sergt. Thompson. During years of active service for God in thorn or shine, nothing was too hard or severe for her. She was always dealing with and entreating the people to get right with God. The night before she went to the hospital she was talking to the people, and begged one sister to get right. She refused, and a few days after the Sergeant's death she was speaking about it.

Nearly as long ago as the Army opened up here she gave herself unreservedly to God and His service. She was also a faithful War Cry Sergeant and G. B. M. Agent. Often she was seen with her little box on the street collecting. She will be missed in the meetings. She was a good woman, and we believe she has gone to Glory.

At her service we gave ourselves afresh to God to try and do some of the work she has left behind her to do. May God bless the influence she has left behind her to the salvation of many.—One in the fight, Mrs. M. Parks.

Fredericton, N.B.—We have to chronicle the death of Bro. Wm. Rogers, who died, after a few days' illness, with pneumonia, at his home, near Stanley N.B., about twenty-five miles from Fredericton. The writer assisted the Rev. Mr. Ives (Methodist) at the funeral, Jan. 12th.

Brother Rogers was a very handy, smart man although 77 years of age, until he was stricken with the disease. He thought nothing of doing the 28 miles between his home and Fredericton on foot. His last visit to the corps was during Christmas week, when he gave his testimony to the saving power of Christ. He seemed to enjoy the meetings so much.

His last testimony at the barracks was as follows: "I don't know when I shall have to go, but I want to be ready, and be faithful." His last few words were, "I am ready." Brother Rogers leaves quite a family, besides brothers, to mourn his loss. Mr. Howard Rogers, of St. Mary's, is a son of the deceased. May God help us to be ready when our time comes.—Ensign Lorimer.

Health Hints

EATING.—(Continued.)

Among much good that we have learned from educated Orientals, there are some bits of advice that do not agree with our complex constitutions. They tell us reproachfully that the tastes of our children are too capricious and too comprehensive and that their own little folks never cry for foods that are not provided for them. In thus remonstrating with their parents, they are not wrong. In our climate, and caste life, for culture maintained a distinct and unalterable taste in the matter of food, while our children have in their veins the blood, and in their nerves of taste, the cultivated appetites of half the nations of the world. Therefore Westerner young folks cannot content themselves with daily fare, and their parents are not to be blamed if they thrive upon such a diet. Our climate induces desire for the many foods the soil produces, and our composite constitutions, if consulted with due delicacy and respect, will seldom fail to make wise selections of nourishment. This choice may be decided by the child's own taste, or by the parents, or by the will-being more highly than her ancient theories of moral discipline, or the convenience of her cook.

Happy children are almost invariably healthy, children; and useful, vigorous men, with rare exceptions; have wholesome appetites and good dispositions; their tastes having been allowed to develop naturally from the beginning. Many people die young, being unable to survive the nourishment provided by their conscientious but unwise mothers; and many others, having at last escaped from the parental laws that have disarranged and injured them. Negative machinery, have recourse to medicine to cure the ill-effects of the laws that have brought their diet to their individual undoing. Those who pursue the latter plan have a chance of outgrowing the evil consequences of injudicious parental control over the kind and quality of their food.

To compel a child to eat anything against which its palate readily rebels is a cruelty at the moment and is likely to produce evil results later on, while

Important Announcement.

Women's Tailoring and Dressmaking.

In view of the frequent enquiries for uniform made according to Regulation, the Commissioner has decided that a Ladies' Section shall be opened in connection with our Tailoring Department.

Our dress goods are known as being of a character difficult to obtain elsewhere, as, like our men's serges, these are especially manufactured, in the best mills of England, for the Salvation Army.

We are prepared to take orders for Tailor-made goods, or Dressmaking, and will endeavor to give the best satisfaction. Please state whether Speaker or Blouse Suit is wanted, and whether Tailored or Dressmaking.

Prices and samples sent on application, also Measurement Forms.

Here's Your Chance!

To every purchaser of a Suit of Men's Uniform during the month of February we will give

An Accident Policy for \$500.00 Free,

good for one year, and giving the following benefits:

\$500.00 in case of death sustained by accident while riding in any conveyance or vehicle propelled by steam, electricity, cable, or horse power, and a weekly indemnity of \$5.00 for not exceeding five weeks in case of disability from accidents sustained while riding as above, while cycling, or suffering from typhus, scarlet fever, or small-pox; of \$2.50 a week for five weeks if suffering from typhoid fever or diphtheria, and \$150 if death results from hotel fire.

Certificate provides instant identification in event of accident, sickness, or unconsciousness.

Your Identification Number being on both the Registration Reward Card and the Key Tag, which are supplied with the Policy, keys are returned to the owner without any expense.

SEND ORDERS AT ONCE TO

TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. TEMPLE, TORONTO, ONT.

a custom of withholding such edibles as are known to be detrimental to its best physical development is the height of wisdom. Little folks can have no definite craving for foods that they have never tasted, although, perhaps, a general desire to experiment may be inspired by curiosity. One of the healthiest, hardiest, and happiest lads among the writer's acquaintances is now in his seventh year, and he is wholly unacquainted with the taste of candy, ice-cream, rich cakes, tea, coffee, or ice-water. His mother is frail and his father a semi-invalid, and both were made the sufferers they are, or so they firmly believe, by the unwholesome meats, drinks, pastries, and sweets which they were allowed to partake of when they were children. Their parents neither invited nor compelled them to indulge in such an improper diet, but tempted them by little slips and tastes to acquire a liking for the least wholesome of foods and drinks.

It is impossible for us, with all the inclinations that have been fixed in us by the natural and artificial appetites possessed by our ancestors, to go back to nature's foods and live with that simplicity which made men Methuselahs; but if we choose, we may modify our diet in such a way as to greatly improve our health, and so increase our longevity. Any change in our mode of nourishing our bodies must, however, be made gradually and with discretion, which can only be gained by studying the chemical properties of various foods and by considering their effects in our own cases, not by discovering whether other folks have found them wholesome.

When a person has discovered what he can and ought to eat, whether it be a distinct food or a combination of several edible substances, it is certainly unwise for him to follow custom or fashion in eating when this is in direct opposition to the plain indications of his system's peculiar needs. To adopt that certain meats and drinks have their day of popularity will not induce sensible persons to neglect them when appetite or experience disappears. The palate should never be urged, for in its perfect freedom of action and choice lies one of the safest safeguards of our health. By eating heavy foods when the appetite has no desire for them, we place a burden upon the digestive apparatus that is sure to be oppressive and may endanger health, or even life itself. All "pick-me-ups," or appetizers, are unnatural, and are likely to become positively injurious if indulged in persistently.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world. If you have anyone going to or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 36 Albert St., Toronto.

MISSING FRIENDS

For Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; better - and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Captain Thomas H. Connelley, 40 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont. "Inquiries" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, with the information. An exact reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the information. An exact change of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Colored and black and white photos are requested to be sent regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised in this column.

First Insertion.

5246. PIKE, ARTHUR JOSEPH. Age 23 years; height 5 ft. 10 in.; dark brown hair; light complexion. Last heard from in Houlton, Maine, U.S.A.

5247. OSBORNE, GEORGE. Age 39 years; height 5 ft. 11½ in.; brown hair; hazel eyes; fresh complexion; has a deep scar over the back of his right wrist, and marks of smallpox on his face. Last heard of was near Fernie, B.C.

DOBBS, BENJAMIN. Age 46 years; dark brown hair; light blue eyes; missing about five years. Last known address Battersea, London, England. Any information will be gladly received at the above address.

Second Insertion.

4547. THORPE. Would the brother of the above-named deceased, late of George St., Toronto, kindly communicate with the above address.

5223. CHERRY, ROBERT JAMES. Age 32 years, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark brown hair, fair complexion, Irish. Last heard from two years ago. Last address, Revelstoke, B.C.

5226. CURTIS, HENRY. Age 40 years, 5 ft. 4 in., dark moustache and hair, rather stout, was bartender in Calgary about four years ago.

5287. BOYD, THOMAS A. Age 31 years, miner. Left Little Bay Mills, Ont., in 1903 for Sydney. Went from Sydney to British Columbia. Last heard of was in Rossland, B.C.

5220. NORTALL, GEORGE. Age 17 years, very tall, good features, brown eyes, light brown hair. Came from England in May, 1904. May be in Sydney, C.B., or St. John's, Nfld. Electrician.

5219. BAINE, ALBERT. Age 34 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. When in England was employed as a carman.

SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city for service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to her office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Streets, to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as to take a kindly interest in girls whose home is outside the city, and are ready to assist them in all possible ways.

COMING EVENTS.

Temple Noon-Day Prayer Meetings

From 12.25 to 12.55 p.m.

Monday, Feb. 12.—Led by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

Tuesday, Feb. 13.—Led by Mrs. Brigadier Southall.

Wednesday, Feb. 14.—Led by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

Thursday, Feb. 15.—Led by Colonel Kyle.

Friday, Feb. 16.—Led by the Commissioner.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. HOWELL

will visit

OWEN SOUND, Saturday and Sunday, February 24 and 25.

TOUR OF STAFF-CAPT. McLEAN.

Simcoe, Feb. 10, 11, 12; Norwich, Feb. 13; Tilsonburg, Feb. 14; Paris, Feb. 15; Brantford, Feb. 16, 17, 18, 19; Galt, Feb. 20; Hespler, Feb. 21.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Bloss.—New Liskeard, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 10, 11, 12; North Bay, Tues., Wed., Feb. 13, 14; Sturgeon Falls, Thurs., Feb. 15; Sudbury, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 17, 18, 19; Webbwood, Tues., Feb. 20; Soo, Ont., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Feb. 21, 22, 23; So. Mich., Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 24, 25, 26; Sturgeon Falls, Wed., Feb. 28.

Ensign Poole.—Strathroy, Thurs., Fri., Feb. 10, 11; Seaforth, Mon., Tues., Feb. 12, 13; Goderich, Wed., Thurs., Feb. 14, 15; Clinton, Fri., Feb. 16; Wingham, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 17, 18, 19; Listowel, Tues., Wed., Feb. 20, 21; Palmerston, Thurs., Fri., Feb. 22, 23; Guelph, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 24, 25, 26; Hespeler, Tues., Feb. 27; Paris, Wed., Thurs., Feb. 28, March 1.

Ensign Edwards.—Trenton, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, February 10, 11, 12; Picton, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Feb. 13, 14, 15; Belleville, Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 16, 17, 18; Campbellford, Mon., Tues., Wed., Feb. 19, 20, 21; Deseronto, Thurs., Fri., Feb. 22, 23; Niagara, Sat., Sun., Mon., Feb. 24, 25, 26; Kingston, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Feb. 27, 28, March 1.

Capt. Davey.—New Westminster, Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 9, 10, 11; Victoria, Mon., Tues., Wed., Feb. 12, 13, 14; Vancouver, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 15, 16, 17, 18; Calgary, Wed., Thurs., Feb. 21, 22; Edmonton, Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 23, 24, 25; Wetaskewin, Mon., Tues., Feb. 26, 27; Calgary, Wed., Feb. 28; Medicine Hat, Thurs., Fri., March 1, 2; Moose Jaw, Sat., Sun., Mon., March 3, 4, 5; Regina, Tues., Wed., March 6, 7.

Songs of the Week

Competition Set, No. 7.

SELECTED BY MRS. T. J. VIRTUE, OF
MONTREAL II.

THE JOURNEY TO HEAVEN.

Tunes.—B.B. 7, 13; B.J. 12, 3, 102, 2, 308, 3, 11, 3, 207.

- 1** We're traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blissful shore,
Their trials and their labors o'er,
And yet there's room for millions more,
Will you go?

We're going to walk the plains of light,
Far, far from death, and curse, and night,
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven share.

The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Repent, believe, be born again;
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see."

Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell;
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell.

THE FOUNTAIN FOR ALL UNCLEANNESS.

Tunes.—B.J. 65, 21, 2, 292, 3.

- 2** There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from my Saviour's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Chorus.

I do believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
My Saviour's love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

OUR HOME ABOVE.

Tune.—N.B.B. 201.

- 3** We're bound for the land of the pure and the
holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Chorus.

Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go?
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe on the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

No poverty there; no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heir of His glory, whose nature is love;
No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished
Ere from this small house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are furnished;
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

March on, happy soldiers, the land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall march o'er the hills of bright glory
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

COMPLETE CLEANSING.

Tune.—B.J. 81.

- 4** From every stain made clean, from every sin
set free;
O blessed Lamb, this is the gift that Thou hast
promised me,
And pressing through the past of failure, fault, and
fear,
Before Thy cross my all I cast, and dare to leave it
there.

From Thee I would not hide my sin because of fear
What men may think; I hate my pride, and as I am
appear.

Just as I am, O Lord, not what I'm thought to be;
Just as I am, a struggling soul for life and liberty.

Upon the altar here I lay my treasure down,
I only want to have Thee near, King of my heart to
crown.

The fire doth surely burn my every selfish aim,
And while from them to Thee I turn I trust in Thy
great name.

A heart by blood made clean in every wish and
thought;
A heart that by God's power has been into subjection
brought.

To walk, to weep, to sing, within the light of heaven,
This is the blessing, Saviour, King, that Thou to me
hast given.

CHEER UP!

Tune.—Never Mind, Go on (B.J. 72).

- 5** In the fight, say, does your heart grow weary?
Do you find your path is rough and thorny,
And above the sky is dark and stormy?
Never mind, go on!
Lay aside all fear, and, onward pressing,
Bravely fight, and God will give His blessing;
Though the war at times may prove distressing,
Never mind, go on!

Chorus.

When the way we tread is rough, let us bear in mind
In the Saviour strength enough we may always find;
Though the fighting may be tough, let our motto be,
Go on, go on, to victory.

Faithful be, delaying not to follow
Where Christ leads, though it may be through sor-
row;

If the fight should fiercer grow to-morrow,
Never mind, go on!
Cheerful be, it will your burdens lighten;
One glad heart will always others brighten;
Though the strife the coward soul may frighten,
Never mind, go on!

When, down-hearted, look away to Jesus,
Who, for you, did shed His blood most precious;
Let us say, though all the world should hate us,
Never mind, go on!
Do your best, in fighting for your Saviour,
For His sake, fear not to lose men's favor;
If beside you should a comrade wave,
Never mind, go on!

SALVATION FOR YOU!

Tune.—B.J. 42, 1.

- 6** O'er Columbus from ocean to ocean
The Salvation Army you'll see,
Filled with love and a Saviour's devotion,
Everywhere slaves of sin setting free,
Our meetings make thousands assemble,
"Jesus only" we lift up to view,
We shout until Satan doth tremble;
Sinners, there is salvation for you.

Chorus.

Oh, yes, there's salvation for you,
Oh, yes, there's salvation for you,
For you on the cross Jesus suffered,
Oh, yes, there's salvation for you.

We see how sin's desolation
Now threatens our land to deform,
On Christ, "our Rock and foundation,"
There's safety alone from the storm.
With the blood-and-fire banner o'er us,
Though only a tried, faithful few,
In the might of our Captain we will conquer,
Sinner, there is salvation for you.

The outcast, the drunkard, biding his time,
And all steeped in sin to the brim,
May zeal for our Master ne'er wither,
Nor desire for His glory grow dim.
May we from the Army ne'er sever,
But ever to Jesus prove true;
And this be our War Cry for ever,
"Sinners, there is salvation for you."

FREE FROM THE BONDAGE!

- 7** I'm a happy soldier, on my way to heaven;
Though in sin I've wandered, I'm forgiven,
When the Saviour saw me on the mountains cold
He brought the wanderer to His fold.

Chorus.

Free from the bondage, free from the fear,
Crowned with salvation, heaven e'en here;
Shouting "Salvation!" as we march along—
Oh, come and join our happy throng!

Since I've joined the Army, battles I have seen;
Conflicts, and temptations I've been in;
But the strength of Jesus, daily to me given,
Has kept me on the way to heaven.

Oh, what peace and comfort does the hope afford,
Soon to be in heaven with the Lord!
There we'll shout for ever, all our trials o'er,
And sing upon a happier shore.

Monday, February 19th, 1906.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION

IN THE

MASSEY MUSIC HALL,

TO CELEBRATE

The Anniversary of the Prison and Rescue Work.

and Welcome Home to

COMMISSIONER COOMBS,

WHO WILL EXPLAIN

General Booth's Colonization and Immigration Scheme.

THE HON. J. P. WHITNEY, PREMIER OF ONTARIO,
IN THE CHAIR, SUPPORTED BY MANY PROMINENT PUBLIC GENTLEMEN.

Fifty New Officers will be Commissioned
FOR WORK IN ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30 P.M.

SILVER OFFERING.

Victoria Street Entrance will be Open at 6.30 p.m. for Holders of Early-Door Tickets.